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Nicola Roffe
with all my love,
Phillip

3. 4. 6

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*Titulum ne horresce novantis,
 Non rapit Imperium vis tua, sed recipit.
 Ausonius de Seuero.*

will Marshall sculp.

3. H. 6

THE HISTORIE

OF

That wise and Fortunate
Prince, *HENRIE* of that
Name the Seventh, King
of England.

With that famed Battaile, fought
betweene the sayd King Henry and
Richard the third named *Crook-*
backe, upon *Redmoore* neere
Bosworth.

In a Poem by *Charles Aleyne*.

Unus mihi pro populo, & populus pro uno.

London Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *William Cooke*,
and are to be sold at his shop, neere *Furni-*
alls-Inne gate in *Holburne*. 1638.

W. Chappell.



*Perlegi historicum hoc Poema, dignumque
judico quod Typis mandetur.*

Tho. Wykes. R. P. Episc.



Lond. Chapell. domest.





To his Ingenious friend Mr.
Charles Aleyn, on this his lear-
ned Poem.

—— *Sume Superbiam,*
Quasitam meritis ——

THinke not that these my weaker lines can raise
Or to thy name or to thy worke a praise,
Yet give me leave to write, and let these be
The Testimonials of my love to thee.
They're no true Leigemen, whosoe're disclaime
Tribute of Praise unto thy *Henries* name.
Who now by thee inflated lives, more high
Than in the joyes of former Royalty;
And from thy hand receives a better Crowne
Than was his Kingdomes Transitory one.
By thee he conquers Death and Time, thy words
Yield him his honour, more than could his swords,
And gaine a Nobler victory than he
Obtained o're usurping Tyrannie.
Great *Henry*, whom wise heaven did ordaine,
To bless this Realme with thy most happy reigne.

A 2

No

No more, dull Chronicle thy worth shall hold
 Or sullen prose thy Noble acts intold.
 Behold ! the shrine wherein thy reverend story
 Shall ever be preserved, and thy glory,
 Fresh to all Ages; then 'tis just we give
 Praise to his name, 'has made thine truly live.

Ed. Sherburne.



To my deare Friend Mr.
Charles Aleyn.

V *Hen Fame had sayd, thy Poem should come out
 Without a Dedication; some did doubt
 If fame in that had told a truth, but I,
 Who knew her false, boldly gave fame the lye,
 For I was certaine that this booke by thee,
 Was Dedicated to Eternity.*

Thy true lover, Ed. Prideaux.



THE
HISTORIE
OF *HENRIE* THE
SEVENTH.



Cesar, or that *Maximilian*,
Who was our *Henries* learned Contem-
porary,
And his owne *Annalist*, and *Historian*
Could only pen our *Henries* commentary.

For onely *light* it selfe, it selfe can *show*,
And none but *Kings* can write, what *Kings* can *doe*.

Yet if those *heights*, which with aspiring looke
Doe over-top the rest, are easilier *found*,
And with more certaine *observation* tooke
By those who stand upon the lower ground.

Then *Henries* fame shall not dispartag'd be,
Although his *Altitude* be tooke by me.

B

Richard

The History of

Richard whose gummes his Birth-day armed saw;
 (Presage of cruelty) will needes make true
 That dreaded signe; for he against the Law,
 After confinement *Gray*, and *Rivers* slew.

For he the Devils *Axiome* did know,
 If you depreſſe you muſt confound your foe.

Rivers and *Gray* muſt ſacrificed be,
 The ſad oblation to *Hastings* power :
 But to appeaſe divine *Aſtrea*, He
 Is offer'd next : a Scaffold at the Tower
 His *Altar* was; *curſes* his *Obits* were,
 And for the *Prieſt* an *Executioner*.

But here's a ſtory ſcarſe hath *Parallell*;
 For at the time thoſe *two* deſtruction met,
 At the ſame *Day* and *houre* *Hastings* fell :
 As in a *Gloſſe* you ſee a '*larum* ſet,
 So was his Ruine ſet : Heav'n's vengefull power,
 Wheel'd *Hastings* fate, and ſtrooke him at an hour.

'Twas *Politic* *Hastings* ſhould ſuffer next,
 For he had done his worke, when they were flaine:
Richard this *doctrin* borrow'd from a *Text*
 In *Machiavell*, who did this knowledge gaine
 From *Ceſar Borgia*, Whom you doe imploy
 In miſchiefe, when 'tis done, you muſt deſtroy.

Then

Henry the Seventh.

3

Then *Richard* did the *Prince*, and *Yorke* oppresse,
For in the method of Confusion,
Th' other were humble premises unlesse
The *Prince* and *Yorke* be the conclusion.

It seemes he would by their pure *Crimson* shed,
Turne *Yorke's* white Rose to the *Laucastrian* Red.

Such Teares which from scorcht *Phaetons* sisters fell,
And in their fall did into *Amber* turne,
Would with their *Ashes* be proportion'd well,
Rich ashes, worthy of so rich an urne.

For such sweete *Corpses*, and such limmes as theirs,
No Tombe is fit but one congeal'd of teares.

Twin-brethren in their death's; What had they done?
O, *Richard* sees a fault that they were in;

It is not *Actuall*, but a Mortall one,

They *Princes* were, 'twas their *Originall* sinne.

Why should so sweete a Paire of *Princes* lacke,
Their *Innocents Day* in th' *English Almanack*.

Now here stand still, and gaze: their *Father* did
Richard instruct, *Henry* the sixt to Kill:

Their *Father* taught him by the blood he shed,
The *Art*, how he his childrens blood should spill.

Who valew others blood at a low rate,
Make their owne cheaper to be higgled at.

B 2

The

The History of

The sword of vengeance, which a single twine
 Held over *Richards* head must now drop downe
 With ruine at the point; the *Eye divine*
 Hath spied a *Hand*, that must lop off his Crowne.
Henry like *Meleager* must come o're,
 And combat with this *Caledonian Bore*.

Fourth *Edwards* Queene, and *Henries* mother plot
 The *Union* of her daughter and her sonne;
 Both must be set as *Flowers* in *Hymens Knot*,
 And the two *Roses* be conjoyn'd in one.
 In *Henries* Royall Crowne there's not a *Stone*,
 Gives it such lustre, as this *Union*.

Fate did this *Union* to *Henry* owe;
 In whom there was a union more rare :
 The *Heaven's* doe not such a *Conjunction* show,
 When the two highest *Planets* married are.
 Scarfe had the world seene such a union yet,
 Where *Wisdome*, *Valour*, and where *Fortune* met.

But though the *Queene*, and *Lady* had contriv'd
 Their *Cabinet* of counsels close as *bin*,
 Who vow'd to burne his shirt, if it conceiv'd
 But his least plot : Yet all *unlocked* is
 By some false *Key*. *Kings* have long *hands* and *ears*,
 And then *heare best*, when they have *greatest feares*.
Bucking.

Henry the seventh.

5

Buckingham flies for this ; and monie's bid
For's Head; curs'd *Banister* the bargaine made,
And made his *Lord* his *Ware*; and basely did
Sell him for money, which he ne'r was payd.
Ingratefull servant, thou to him didst owe
All that thou couldst, and all thou couldst not doe.

Puissant Gold ! *Red earth* at first made *man*,
Now it makes *Villaine* ; this refined clod
Can what nor *love*, nor *time*, nor *valour* can,
Love could doe more in *Gold*, than in a *God*.
Destruction surer comes, and rattles lowder,
Out of a Mine of *Gold*, than one of *Powder*.

But *Banister* hath his merit; this offence
And treacherous Act his progenie betray'd
To Heaven's revenge. But why must *Innocence*
Suffer for him? stay there: the *Ancients* made
Divine Revenge to be the child of *Night*
Shut to the *Earths*, but open to heav'n's light.

Th' immediate hand of Heav'n did scourge this sinne;
One sonne was drown'd, one sonne with *lame nesse* rook:
White *Leprous scales* rough-cast his daughters skin
His *Eldest sonne* was with a *mad nesse* strooke,
And to unfit to be an *heire* that he,
Had not his portion o' *hum. initie*.

B 3

But

The History of

But herē I wonder *Richard* did not pay
Such Traytors: how can *Richard* justly looke
For more such agents, others to betray?
Fabius this counsell of his father tooke.

For if, sayd he their payments be deny'de,
You teach them how to leave, not chuse your side.

Now *Henry* is aboard; now under sayle,
Both ship'd, and man'd from *Brettaigne*; but the Sea
Vexed with a scolding storme, and thwarting gale,
Proroges his executing Heav'n's decree.

'Though roff'd, none were afraid; for all did know,
They carry'd *Henry* and his fortune too.

Or *Eole* with his speare did strike his *Cave*,
(The Goale of winds) and give them liberty,
The Watry god in his owne court to brave:
Or *Henries* friends, by some faire *Augury*,
Foresaw his danger, if he landed then,
And sent their sighes to blow him backe agen.

The Morning shew'd him all the shores beset
With walking Steele; *Henry* his Ship-boate sent,
To know if they in *Henries* cause were met:
Ambiguously they send him their intent.

They sayd he should to *Buckingham* be led,
And so he should for *Buckingham* was dead.

But

Henry the Seventh.

7

But *Henries* wife distrust did bid him stay
(They were not *Lizzards* in the grasse did lye
But *Everts*;) a beleefe had made the way
To his repentance, not recovery.

Trust makes us our owne Traytors: nor could He
Be fav'd by faith, but infidelity.

Henry thus cros'd by Sea, and yet thus blest
To scape a wracke at Land, and wracke at Sea,
Makes sayle to *Brettaigne* his assured rest;
Where *English* meeting, sweare him fealty,
And pawning to him both their selves and state,
Will take their owne in following *Henries* fate.

At this on *Richards* thoughts worse stormes did fall,
Than *Henry* had at Sea, or ever rose
Charm'd by a *Lapland* witch, which made him call
A Councell, and declare them *Englands* foes,
Who were her friends: Thus if the Lyon doe
Say Eares be Hornes, they must be deemed so.

Then offers richly to have *Henry* slaine,
But *Henries* lands must be the murderers fee;
A cunning Chapman, he would *Henry* gaine
At the best rate; what's *Henries* owne, must be
Henries owne Price; as if you would him pay
The *Lions* skinne, that would the *Lyon* slay.

B 4

What

The History of

What will you give me is the common cry
 In Treasons Mart : by Rule of Relatives
 There will be some to sell, if some to buy :
Landose was chapman and the sale contrives.
 In this designe he will the *Engin* prove,
 But *silver weights* must make the *Engin* move.

But *Mortons* piercing eye descried the Plot
 Through the thicke night of closeness, and did bring
 Light to the danger *Henry* dreamed not;
 Wise *Counsellours* shine nearest to the King,
 Upon this lower *Orbe*, as in the skie
Sol constantly is nearest *Mercury*.

Sav'd by this light, *Henry* to *France* did make,
 Hid in his mans apparell chang'd for his :
 Fam'd *Barclay* made his *Poliarchus* take
 A vizzard, in his high-writ *Arginis*.
 Nay, gods they say have done it, to escape
 Lesse trusting to their deitie, than shape.

Richard informed that the *Earle* was fled
 From *Brettagne* his best hold, nor could expect
 Succours from *France*; will not allow his head
 The notion of a foe, but let neglect
 Lull him in danger; like a *Seale* that sleeps,
 When an enfranchis'd tempest scares the deepes.

And

Henry the seventh.

9

And to be th' *Extract* of securitie
His Fleet's discharg'd, *Welch* to the Coasts assign'd;
To shut all Landing from the Enemy;
But *Henry* is their Country man, and friend,
They will not close to *Henry*: when he shone,
They were the flowers that opened to this sunne.

This fatall slackenesse *Richards* party made
Apt for impressiō, supple to receive
The Characters of a victorious blade,
Which *Henry* must imprint: the *Heaven's* doe leave
Some parts for him to act. Who would be great
He must court fame not in *perfume*, but *sweate*.

But now this newes arrives; *Richard* would wed
Elizabeth, by whom *Henry* must claime:
Feare at this newes 'mongst *Henries* souldiers spread,
Without his setled soule had spoild their aime.
But he, wise *Marksman* bids them quickly on,
Least hands should tremble, or the marke be gone.

To scape the tempest threatned by these clouds,
Henry from *Hartflew* setteth sayle to sea;
The windes tuned by Heav'n sung in the shrowds
Presaging that he should victorious be.
You would have thought, he came so fairely in,
He had the winds charm'd in a *Dolphins* skin.

Blest

The History of

Blest *Milford Hav'n* whole semicircling *Bayes*
 With amorous embraces hug'd his Fleet:
 From thence was giv'n the signall that did raise
 Our hopes deprest under a Tyrans feete.

And happie *Milford* shall triumph in this,
Henry was *Englands Haven*, *Milford* was his.

Sir *Rice ap Thomas* with his *Brittish* power
 First mix'd his influence with *Henries* starres;
 Which Act enstil'd him, *Wales* her Governour;
 This Honour crown'd his merit in these warres:
 Thus *Hercules* in Heav'n is fixed downe
 Next to the starres call'd *Ariadnes* Crowne.

Then *Talbot* joyning with two thousand strong,
 The volume is enlarg'd: their forces grow
 With new additions, as they march along.
 As bellowing *Volga* issuing from *Fraunce*,
 Whilst in his streame he new supplies doth take,
 Payes seventy Inlets to the *Caspian* Lake.

Richard is mad *Henry* meets no controule;
 Cholericke heate shakes his distemper'd nerves,
 Blood dies his *Veines*, and fury oades his soule.
 Choler, they say, as armes for valour serves:
 But weapons seldome have beene fashion'd thus,
 We rule our other weapons, this rules us.

His

Henry the Seventh.

11

His thickned blood about his *Heart* did seeth,
His *Heart* which in revenging heate did send
His *Spirits* out, his *Spirits* which did breath
Fire in his eyes, his eyes which did portend
Ruine like *Comets*, or like *Beacons* flame,
To tell that *Henry*, and their danger came.

But *Henry* in a dump marching behind
(Having more thoughts in's Company than men)
Was lost i'th' night, nor could his Armie finde,
But in the morning came to it agen
To bring it Day; for without *Henries* light,
Although the Sunne had shind, it had beene Night.

Yet when the sunne was set, it was not Night
In *Richards* Conscience: that light ne're goes out:
Or Divels limn'd by his fancie did affright,
And seem'd to teare, and hale *Richard* about.
Or else they reall were, and came to see,
What difference 'twixt his Tent, and Hell might be.

Morphems, that doth Phantasticke Idols feigne,
Never with dreames th' *Atlantick* People frights;
Because they feede not upon what is flaine,
Such diet had made *Richard* calmer nights.
But *Richard* had beene flesh'd, and blooded deepe,
And spight of *Poppie* blood will breake a sleepe.

The

The markes of feare were in his lookes impress,
 Which though in wisedome he would have defac'd;
 Yet in those lookes the *Index* of his *Brest*
 Some figures of distraction were so plac'd,
 That a *decipherer* might without a *Key*,
 Read the distracted *Characters* in's *Eye*.

Now he's by *Bosworth* pitch'd, whence he sent o're
 A charge to *Stanly* to advance his power,
 And joyne with him, or by Christs *Passion* swore
 His sonne, his *Hostage* should be slaine that houre.
 He answer'd, *he had more* : 'Twas highly done,
 To prove his *faith* by offering of his *Sonne*.

Strange he should *Stanly* a *Commader* make;
 His match with *Henries* Mother did him binde
 To *Henry* : hence weake *Policie* might take
 The *Crisis* of his fall : to be so blinde,
 Was deaths unerring *Symptome* : when we dye
Death with her *lead* doth first arrest our eye.

Then *Richard* like a man, that first would taste,
 And then Carowse in Blood, puts *Stanlies* sonne
 I'th' *Headsmans* hand; his *Councill* stayd the haste
 Of th' Execution till the field was won.
 Where *Richard* falling, *Stanly* freedome got,
 And *Richards* bane, was *Stanlies* Antidote,

Thus

Henry the seventh.

13

Thus *Julian* vow'd to offer *Christians* blood
If he his *Perficke* victory did gaine,
But Heav'n his vow, and victory withstood,
For *Julian's* selfe was in the Battaile slaine.
The *Christians* scaped then, young *Stanly* now,
Julian, and *Richard* had like fate like vow.

Now in the Glasse of Time, that Sand by course
Began to runne, which should begin the Time
Of *Richards* fall, who sat upon a horse
All *white*, whiter than he that sat on him.
It seem'd an *Emblem* offerd to the sense
Of *guilt*, triumphing over *Innocence*.

Then drawing out his men, he did commend
The forward to *Old Norfolk* to be led,
Which in a shapelesse length he did extend,
That seeming greater it might strike more dread.
But strongest bodies wiew-drawne in length,
What they doe get in terrour, lose in strength.

In his Battalia stood his tryed forces,
Who being us'd to *danger* did not use
To feare her lookes: on either side his Horses
Stood out for wings; this strength himselfe did chuse.
Which upon *Henry* had victorious beene;
But *naked vertue* can beate *armed sinne*:

Then

Then like those *Generalls*, whose *Examples* are
Precepts for leaders, for the times to come :
 In an *Oration* of more pow'r in warre
 Than the wild *Rhetoricke* of Fife and Drum,
 He to his men his cause and mind did breake,
 And thus did speake, or thus was made to speake.

Chieftaines and friends ; they were your *hands* that
 This *Garland* for me, & your *Swords* that set it (made)
 Vpon this head ; then let it ne'r be sayd,
 That others hands and swords should ever get it.
 Be jealous of this right ; that onely you,
 Who first did crowne it, can uncrowne this *Brow*.

This *Throne*, since I sat in't, hath beene the *Throne*
 As well of *Iustice*, as of *Royaltie* ;
 My rule hath beene Tyrannicall to none,
 Directed by the line of *Equitie*.
 My *Morning* red' gainst all *Astronomie*,
 Turn'd to a day full of *serenity*.

'Tis true that through a *Sea* of *Blood* I did
 Arrive at this wish'd *Port* ; much blood was spilt
 To waite me hither ; yet the *Teares* I shed,
 I trust did expiate my purple guilt.
 Then guard me, and if *teares* did me atone,
 What neede my *Veines* doe what my *eyes* have done

Shu

Henry the Seventh.

15

But up your *hearts* to *fear*, but keepe your *eyes*
Open to *danger*. This before you set
Is alike hard to *keepe*, as *win* a *Prize*,
And no lesse vertue to *maintaine*, than *get*.
See in this *diadem* this truth enrold,
That which my *sweat* did *get*, my *blood* must hold.

But if your *squeamish* *appetites* have beene
Tired with my mild government, and long
For *Richmonds* *second* *service*, bring him in
And *tast* his certaine *sharpenesse* : for among
All that from *Exile* did a *Kingdome* *gaine*,
Not one that did not like a *Tyranne* *reigne*.

Heare not his ragged *Regiments*, which are
But *fumes*, and *exhalations* drawne out
By his *false* *heate*; and He himselfe's the *Starre*,
That leads these stragling *Meteors* about ;
Which like those *hayrie* *blazings* in the *skie*,
Shine alwayes 'gainst the *Sunne* of *Majestie*.

He forfeiteth his reason that expects
From such a rascall herd of men as they
For any thing but ruinous effects ;
Your lives, as well as *livings* are their *prey*.
Like robberies men on foote, and women doe;
Their safety is to *Rob*, and *Murder* too.

Their

Their mercy must not be your *Hope*, but *Scorne* :
 It is *their fate* to *take*, and *yours* to *give* :
 You cannot be legitimately borne,
 If it shall be their favour, that you live.
 Th' *Engagement* is more *Glorious* to *owe*
 Your lives unto *your selves* than to your *foe*.

The wounds they give are *Generall*, each blow
 Strikes through your children, and your wives, but ye
 It hits but you : they doe not onely throw
 At you, nor you alone at hazzard set.
 Here's greater game, *England* is stak'd at this,
 And as your *vertue* such her *fortune* is.

There *Richard* stay'd, there would some souldiers stay
 And to the Action the same Period set,
 That he did to his speech : for what can they
 Hope from so poore an *Enemie* to get.
 And he's unwise that to a *Mercat* goes,
 Where there is nothing to be *sold* but blowes.

Booty doth more the common souldier move,
 Than a discourse of *proweesse*, or high thought
 Of *Magnanimity*, or th' inbred love
 Of naturall vertue : and the *English* fought
 On lesse advantage for the *Spanish* plate,
 Than e're they did for the poore *Irish* State.

Richard :

Henry the seventh.

17

Richards imbattail'd, what shall *Richmond* doe,
Who ne'r saw armie, never armour wore
A novice, and mued up in *Brettagne* too.
'Twas a rare *spectacle* unseene before
To play his *Masterprize* upon the stage
At the first day of his *apprentisage*.

One therefore did to the Lord *Stanly* goe,
To begge his ayde in ordering the fight.
Stanly sayd *Richmonds* selfe that worke should doe;
Which seized *Richmonds* minde with such affright,
And crosse distraction, that he needed then,
One to arrange his thoughts, more than his men.

But he did both, and to himselfe did owe
The ordering of them both. *Extremity*
Is a shrew'd Mistresse: the most *Arts* we know
Derive their being from necessitie.

She tutour'd *Henry*, and her *Pow'r* divine,
Out-did *Experience*, and old *discipline*.

The fore-ward (which his numbers did allow
To be but single) in the fore-front hath
Men that were well experienc'd in the Bow,
Trusted to *Oxfords* fortune, and his Faith.
The arrowes look'd like *Rayes* diffus'd about,
And *Oxford* was the *Sunne*, that glanc'd them out.

C

Salvage

The History of

Salvage and generous *Talbot* did appeare
 Out at the *wings*; whose *pinions* were all hard,
 Conferred with themselves: and yet they were
Flagges, and *sicke-feathers*, if with them compar'd.
 These were the *Principals*, that did them carry,
 And set them, where a *Kingdome* was the quarry.

Then the maine *Battaile Richmond* did beginne
 To fashion out; for he, like *Nature*, meant
 To make his best *Productions last*; and in
 The *Body* of the *Armie Richmond* went,
 A *Head* thus in a *body* set, did show
 Like a strange *Prodigio*, portending woe.

Then *Richmond* spok (for though some think no more
Speeches can *soldiers* make, than a *Tune* Heard
 Can a *Musitian*) *Cesar* would deplore
 When th' *Enemies* approach his speech debar'd.
 Needs must that want be great that could constraine
 A man so great as *Cesar* to complaine.

And thus he spoke. If *punishment*, and sinne
 Are borne at once, then cannot *Richard* dreame,
 But that in Heav'n his hath for vengeance beene:
 For murders have low'd voyces, and the *Streame*,
 Which fumes from blood, doth teare the clouds in sun-
 Such exhalations can breed nought but thunder. (der
 Thinke

Henry the Seventh.

19

Thinke that you heare his slaughterd *Brother* cry,
And beg your almes of vengeance on his brother :
Thinke that you see his *Nephewes* smothered lye
In Bed, exchanging *one sleepe* for another.

And now heele wed his *Neece*, as if he won'd
Be more *alli'de* by *sinne*, than by his *Blood*.

On *Crooke-backe* as a Malefactour looke,
Abstracted from the *Title* of a *King* :

But view your selves as Instruments, are tooke
By Heav'n's corrective hand vengeance to bring.

Be Bold : there can be no resistance made,
When *Iustice* striketh with a *Souldiers blade*.

This is the Point of time : you must strike home;
Iudgement holds *execution* by the hilt :

His finnes are ripe, and to their growth are come;
His blood is now prepar'd to wash his guilt.

Vengeance doth surely, though but slowly tread,
And strikes with Iron, though it walkes with lead.

Dare, what they thinke you dare not: for that thought
Makes the act easie, 'cause they think not so :

The ends at which we leuell, will be brought
Vnder command, if we but dare to doe

The hardnesse of an act as often springs
From our *Imagination*, as the things.

C 2

11

If you feare death, you shall decline that feare
 By change of Object: pitch your thoughts upon
 Those Garlands, which victorious you shall weare :
 Graspe conquest in your apprehension.

No other *qualities* can be exprest,
 When th' *Instruments* of *sense* are prepossest.

You mannage death by facing it; blowes shun
 Those that present themselves to meete a wound :
 Death's a *Coy Mistresse*, court her she's not wonne,
 Of those which sought her, she was rarely found.
 Who shewes his backe to danger soonest dies,
 The *shadow* of death from her pursuer *flies*.

Though his assaults be feirce, the charges hot
 Partaking of that wild-fire, which doth glow
 In *Richards* bosome; yet conceit them not
 Certaine presages of an overthrow.

Sharpe maladies, and hardest to endure,
 Have not in *Physicke* their predictions sure.

Feare not his *numbers* : Victories consist
 In *mindes*, not *multitudes* : most of their part
 Favour our cause, and coldly will resist :
 Feare not the *hand*, assured of the *heart*.

Be wisely bold, and like a *Center* stand,
 And fly with *Brutus*, not with foote, but hand,
Flight

Henry the seventh.

21

Flight may be their security, and though
They vanquish, not, they know there is a meane
Betweene a *Trophee*, and a *Grave* : but you
Are in a certeine desperateneffe betweene
Conquest and *death* : you must not doubt to dye
Though *Fortune* doubts to give the *Victory*.

That word pronounced *last*, impression made :
(So the *last* sounds result most forcibly.)
Lost in the mazes of their eares it play'd,
Till they were ravish'd into valiancie.
For valour was infus'd at this *Oration*,
As at a *Fiat*, or some new *Creation*.

Then, or to give an *omen* of th' *event*,
Or make their courage to their *Generall* knowne;
Shouts breathing forwardnesse to Heav'n were sent.
If winged *Victory* through th' Aire had flowne,
They had so rent the Aire with that vast sound,
That before *Battaile* she had drop'd to ground.

Assurance now having arm'd all their hearts
With prooffe 'gainst feare, not danger; they prepare
To arme themselves compleately at all parts,
Offensive, and defensive : one might sweare
They did such motions to their Armour give,
That *Iron* breathed, and that *Steele* did live.

C 3

Albert,

The History of

Albert, whose speaking statue with a stroke
 Of *Aquin* fell : *A worke of Art* (cryed out)
Of thirty yeares is broke : but here were broke
 Workes, which ev'n *Nature* was as long about
 Blows to their Principles resolve agen,
Naturall statues, artificiall men.

The *Archers* strip their sleeves, who must define
 The Controversie here debated on :

The sun of *Richmonds* hopes was in the signe
 Of *Sagittarius*, and there chiefly shon.

The feathers of their shafts sung as they went
 Being newly set to th' one-string'd Instrument.

Next these, men of exalted valour come,
 Whom their Commanders fiers did sublime;
 Who scorning the incouragement of Drum,
 Their *Pulses* beate a March : but discipline
 Bad them expect the Trumpet, whose shrill breath,
 Some *spirits* rais'd to *Glory*, some to death.

Betweene both Armies a great Marish lay,
 (A loving bar to hatefull Vnion)
 Which *Richmond* on his right side kept to stay
 And breake their charges : from his backe the Sun
 Faced the foe, so that you might surmise, (plies.
 That *Heav'n*, and *Earth* brought *Richmond* their sup-
 But

Henry the Seventh.

23

But *Richard* seeing how his plot did lye,
Breakes through the Marsh : the *Archers* then begin
To let their shafts, like winged *Serpents* flye,
With their heads forward, and their stings therein;
Nor stung they like the selfe-disarming drone,
They had more stings, whē their first stings were gone

As when the thorny *Porcupine's* pursued
(Whose selfe is her owne quiver, and her bow;
And shafts, and strings) the dammage is renewed
Of her lost quils, which by succession grow.
And such their quivers were, as if th' had beene,
Made of the *Hide* of an arm'd *Porcupine*.

Here *Cæsars* was good councell. Strike the face,
For in this field *brothers* with *brothers* fought,
Sires with their *sonnes*; and so when wounds erase
The lookes, and reare the markes of kindred out :
They having lost the knowledge of each other,
Nor duty stays the *sonne*, nor love the *brother*.

While th' *Archers* from their *liberall quivers* doe
Distribute Death, the men at armes rush thither;
Nor staying 'till they're ask'd, match with the foe,
Whom hatred doth more firmly wed together
Than others love : divorc'd not till they dye,
This *Knot* is to be cut, not to untie.

C 4

There

The History of

There Active *Oxford* did like lightning fly
 Deliverd from the Prison of a cloude :
 Men with his sword, as Planet-stroke did dye,
 His spritfull heate did blast them; and he show'd
 Valour so much ~~to spare~~ above one Glory
 Might fetch a coward out of *Purgatory*.

There one such wondrous executions did,
 That with those Arguments you might have prov'd
 That Miracles were yet continued :
 Some of them thought that *Mars* himselfe had mov'd
 Down from his sphere: thus wondring who't shold be
 At last one cry'd a *Talbot*, and 'twas *He*.

By *Talbots* side, *Salvage* a name of warre,
 (Whose valour impd one of the wings) flies out.
 The Actions of his Arme derived are
 From strength in th' *Abstract*: doe not call them stout,
 Mighty, Magnanimous, fatall; for as yet
 Rhetorick hath not found a fit *Epithet*.

There *Pembroke* holding out a Head espie,
Perseus holds out *Medusa* in this fashion :
 Had he then beene translated to the *skie*,
 He had blaz'd out in such a *Constellation* :
 That our *Astronomers* had hardly seene,
 Which had bin *Perseus*, which had *Pembroke* beene.
And

Henry the seventh.

25

And *Richards* men as well as these can fight,
But most of them for feare fought valiantly.
You would have thought this *Paradox* were right;
That *feare breeds courage* : for his flaming eye
Did fright them into valour, and none dar'd
Act there a cowards part, he was so scar'd.

Norfolke (a glorious starre) that *ruled* that *Day*,
Like something, more than man, did men pursue :
Without the ayde of fire he de make away
Through th' *Alpes* ; nay prove *Philosophy* untrue
Which thinks there cannot a *third nature* lye
Betweene an *Angell*, and *Humanity*.

With *Shield* and *sword*, *Ferrars* did next appeare,
(The *Emblem* both of *safety* and of *death*;) *Marcellus*,
and stayd *Fabius* who were
The sword, and shield of *Rome*, in him did breathe;
Mars would have thought, had *Mars* his actions scene
Himselfe the *trans-sumpt*, *this* the *patterne* beene.

There lay an *Archer* whom that arrow slew
Which he shot last : for fall'n another tooke
That arrow, and apply'd it to his *Yew*,
Which with a *resalute* the owner strooke
And did so sodainely returne againe,
That he was onely by *reflection* slaine.

Here

The History of

Here see a *Breſt* cut open with a wound
 Wider than death. *He*, who mans *ſhape* did blame,
 Cause in his *Breſt* there was no *window* put
 To have his heart diſcerned through that frame;
 Would have confeſs'd, had he beene in thoſe parts,
 Such *windowes* needeſſe to *diſcover* hearts.

There ſee an *Arme* ſunder men by the ſides ;
 One inſtrument by a *Compendious* way
 Makes two divorces, and at once divides
 Their *Bodies* from *themſelves*, and *ſoules* : you may
 But that incorporeity controules
 Feare there had beene *diſſection* of ſoules.

There (as if *Birth-rights* had beene queſtion'd) ſtood
 The wombe at war with't ſelfe, and *brethren* fought;
 There *Kinſmen* fought, and ſtreaming forth their *blood*
 Into one chanell found their Kindred out,
 And prov'd without the ayde of *Heraldry*,
 How neere they were by *conſanguinity*.

Sword upon *ſword*, a *ſhield* upon a *ſhield*
 A ſource of blood *below*, and one appeare
Above : yet was there not in all that field
 A *ſolecisme*, in *Armory*, nor there
 Did it *abate*, but make the *Honour* fuller
Metall upon *metall*, *colour* upon *colour*.

Philoso-

Henry the Seventh.

27

Philosophers who have so anxious beene
inquiring where the soule doth chiefe reside
Within the *heart* or *Braine* : if they had scene
How weapons were by all the souldiers ply'd.
The question then had beene no longer scand;
They had defin'd the seate had beene the hand.

But see how *Richard* fumes, as if he could
Turne men to incense with his fiery eyes
The *Evill spirit* of his fury would
Be expiated by such *Sacrifice*.

Like to those gods the *heathen* did adore,
With *becatombes* of men, and *humane* gore.

If when the *soules* from *bodies* are divorc'd
They transmigrate, and others doe endue
By an assumption : *Richards* would be forc'd
To wander, and be desperate of a new;
Pythagoras had beene pos'd, and ne'r could finde
A *Body*, futable to such a *minde*.

Into the fanges of danger he did goe,
(Arm'd with the Doctrine of fatalitie
As strongly as all *Turkie* :) every foe
Did feele him, for he prov'd *ubiquitie*,
And bodies unconfin'd : he like a *soule*
Was both in every part, and in the whole.

As

As if he had drunk *Opium* that day
 With maddened fits he *furied* on the foe;
 In a magnanimous scorne, that same should say,
 That *Richard* would outlive his overthrow.
 Or that he did the rule Authentick hold :
 That Generalls should not dye, till they were old.

This *Eagle* catch'd no *flies* ; stoop'd at men like
Brandon, and mighty *Cheney* ; nor would bate
 At a slight quarrie, much more scorn'd to *strike*,
 It seem'd his actions did *prognosticate*
 The *sweating sicknesse*, which ensued e're long,
 Which scorning weake ones, onely seiz'd the strong.

But *Chenies* foyle *Cheney* could not appall ;
 He rose with Deaths inscription in his face,
Most terrible of terribles ; his fall
 Enfir'd his spirits, chafed with the disgrace.
 Thus from the Earth *Anthens* did recoyle,
 With powers reenforc'd from every foile.

But *Brandon* fell till *Doomes-day*, and there lyes
 His colours might his winding-sheete become ;
 A *Phenix* from the *Phenix* did arise ;
Brandon, that demigod, that *Charles*, in whom
 The *Essense* of fortitude so plainly shind,
 Had you sayd *Brandon*, it had beene *de find*,

This

Henry the seventh.

29

his *Breviarie* of consuming ire
And *Commonplace*, of what is called *stout*,
Srew by their *opposition*, and his fire
Got beate by those, which strove to put it out.
Force not oppos'd would languish; so would he,
Mountaines that burne doe border on the Sea.

He like a *Bore* (his bearing was the *Bore*)
'*A cognisance* which with his minde agrees)
Broke up the rankes to *Richmonds* selfe, and tore
Men up like trees; *men* that are like to *trees*
Inverst; but *Richmond* he extirped not.
Non tibi spiro was this *Roses Mott*.

There an untutor'd fortitude did try
Experimentall valour, *personall* strength;
That is, soft *Richmond Richard* did defie,
And warded the *Bores* *tuskes* at his swords length.
You could not have a cleaner valour scene,
Though *Magnanimity* had incarnate beene.

And his impression in his souldiers hearts
Made them his *medals*: he like *Chymicke fire*
Put soules of *Gold* into their *Earthy* parts;
And by his *mountures* taught them to aspire.
Actions of *Kings* are *precepts*; what they doe
Seeme to be *precedents*, and *warrants* too.

Exempli

The History of

Exempli gratias teach not but compell;
 There's no such *Canon*, as *Authoritie*;
 They doe their *doctrine* tacitly refell,
 Who with their *Acts* doe not *exemplifie*.
 Men practise what they see by Leaders done,
 Not *Cesars*, It is but his *Veni* won.

Now *Conquest* with her wings fand every side
 With *equall hope*, and strooke with *equall feare* :
 Like *scales* with constant motion they slide,
 Now that is upward, and now this is there.
 And *Henries* faith with *feares*, yet *hopes* was mix'd,
 Like to those *starres* which tremble, yet are fix'd.

The *Ancients* gave a *sphere* to victory,
 On which her *feete* stand giddie, and uneven;
 But hence just causes draw alacrity,
 Her *hands* are holden by the hand of Heaven.
 Here's *Henries* *feare*, she on a *sphere* doth stand,
 Here's *Henries* *hope*; *love* holds her by the hand.

As thus the question doubtfully did stand,
 And unconcluded : *Stanly* did come on
 With *sword*, and a decision in his hand :
 Thus under the *Equator*, when the *Sunne*
 With hottest flames tosteth the peoples skinne,
 The constant *Breeze* brings a coole rescue in.

The

Henry the Seventh.

31

the case at worst *Stanly* determines it,
the souldiers cries this *martiall court* adjourne;
and temper danger in her highest fit.
were *Daphne* woman still, she'de sooner turne
A *Laurell* to crowne him, than to escape
The lustfull charges of *Apollos*-rape.

But *Richard* with such rage himselfe commits
With the whole hoast, that he may make the story
question'd though writ by *Truth*: but these strong fits,
were lightnings before death; for this *worlds glory*
Is figur'd in the *Moone*, they both waxe dull,
And suffer their *Eclipses* in their full.

And now I see him sinke : his eyes did make
shot like falling starres : flash out and done :
boaning he did a stately farewell take,
and in his *night* of death set like the *sunne*.
For *Richard* in his *west* seem'd greater, than
When *Richard* shin'd in his *Meridian*.

three yeares he acted ill, these two houres well,
and with unmated resolution strove :
fought as bravely, as he justly fell.
did the *Capitoll* to *Manlius* prove,
So *Bosworth* did to him, the monument
Both of his *Glory*, and his punishment.

Here

Here leave his dust incorporate with mould ;
 He was a King, that challengeth respect ;
 Passe by his *Tombe* in *silence*, as of old
 They did their *Heroes Temples*, and erect
 An *Altar* to *Oblivion*, while I
 Another build to *Henries* Memory.

This fortune sweld not *Henry* to a brave,
Mercy step'd in, and brought a *Prohibition*;
 Those are best temper'd fortitudes, which have
 Some graines of *Pittie* in their *composition*.
 Valour's the Iron vertue; yet abates
 Nought of her selfe with *silke* upon her *plates*.

The wreath of Conquest in a Generous minde
 Is an inducement to a moderation ;
 In all exalted spirits you shall finde
 Something of humblenesse for mitigation
 And *Old Rome*, built as *Marius* thought best
 The *Fane* of *Honour* lower than the rest.

He conquer'd, yet lay prostrate in the field;
 (His sacred *Campe* did like a *Temple* looke;) Ca
 Where *Henry* first did stand, now *Henry* kneeld,
 And chang'd his *sword* into a *Prayer Booke*.
 And solemnely did a *Te Deum* say,
 Heaven's a kinde Creditour, whom thanks can pa

Henry the seventh.

33

Care and his Crowne, met at his Head together;
He is no sooner King, but he must be
An Oedipus, and solve this riddle; whether
He'll claime by Wife, or Birth, or Victory.
But for this Triple Knot, Henry had stor'd
A Tripple wedge, and broke this threefold Cord.

If by his Wife, he in effect had sayd
The line of Yorke was better than his owne;
Or why should man, who is the womans Head,
To a womans hand doe Homage for a Crowne?
And Henry thought it an unkingly thing,
To have his Crowne indebted to his Ring.

Nor would he claime by Conquest, or give part
Vnto the sword: for that would but affright
The Realme to forc'd obedience, and start
Men into giddy subjects; for it might
Make their faith stagger, and obedience reele;
If Henries Scepter had beene made of Steele.

At last his love to himselfe made the case plaine
That Titles Royall in his blood did flow;
And every Veine was a Basilick veine;
This made him absolute: Henry did know
That Princes were most independent, when
Their Crownes doe hold of Nature, not of men.

D

Having

Having thus defin'd, which sodainely was done
 (For's consultation, and his choyse did goe
 Together) in a Progresse he set on
 For *London*, in a Coach *unseene*, and so
 Appearing not, some God appear'd to be,
 Whom men adore, and yet no shape doe see.

Then *Orisons*, and *Hymnes* at *Pauls* were sung,
 And (as before) *Te Deum* sung agen,
 His Banners in the Church for offerings hung,
 When *Henry* pray'd in th' Armie, the *Campe* then
 Appear'd a Church: when he his Banners rear'd,
 Within the Church, the Church a Camp appear'd.

Suspicion now whisper'd these aires about
 That *Henry* was not *reall*: every head
 That could nor *cleare*, yet could create this doubt,
 That *Henry* never would with *England* wed,
 And joyne with *Torke*. How can a *sheete* unfold,
 Two houses, which a *Kingdome* could not hold.

This doubt had ground; for he had given some Hope
 To match with *Brettaigne*: But his case requir'd
 Some reservation, and an other scope,
 Than he pretended, or than they desir'd.

In *Common Tracts* great actions must not goe
 Here that's the *Kings high way*, which fewest know.

To

Henry the Seventh.

35

To hush this talke he promis'd faithfully
To match at home : and make this noise appeare
A *Fable*, gotten in *adultery*,
Betweene a scandalous *Tongue*, and itching *Eare*.
Bad them trust *Henry*, not the *Buzz* of *Fame*,
Which like some *Hound*, opens where is no *game*.

His *Coronation* then he hastened,
Which, (that the title might be all his owne)
Before the marriage was accomplished,
Least *she* might seeme a sharer in the *Crowne*.
For though in other loves 'tis strange. yet he
Knew that his *love* might here his *Rivall* be.

And for his *Glory*, and his *safety* too,
He did erect the *Guard*; *Henry* conjorn'd
Things different in themselves; what none could doe;
The two discordant *Roses* he combin'd.
And which have rarely beene allie'd by fate;
He did unite *security*, and *state*.

Then cal'd a *Parliament*, so to proclaime
That *Justice* was the Rule he'de governe by;
And that a *Crowne alone* was not his ayme.
Thus *Hercules* constelled in the *skie*
Though with *one hand* he at the *Crowne* doth reach.
He doth the *other* to the *Balance* stretch.

D 2

There

There with a *Generall Pardon* he allales
 The feares of th' *Adverse Party* : he did finde
 That feare lodg'd in a subjects brest can raise
 A dangerous *Passion* : as we see combin'd
 Th' *Order of Causes* in the *Chaine* of *Fate*
 So 'tis in *Passions* ; if we feare, we hate.

Statutes 'gainst *Riots* were enacted then
 By penalties to crush sedition
 I'th' shell : for a confused Masse of men
 Is as the *Chaos* whence *Rebellion*
 Is first created ; and all *Riots* are
 The *seedes*, and *Elements* of *Civill warre*.

The *Parliament* dissolv'd, he begunne
 To make his summer *Progress* ; with his shine
 To cleare the Northerne ayre, and like the sunne
 To *Cancer* did approach, the *Tropicke* signe.
 And warming there the *Torke*-addicted Hearts
 He made the Summer *Solstice* in those parts.

Stafford, and *Lovell* now, who had not dar'd
 To leave their *Sanctuaries*, had he beene neare:
 Rise in the South, like some new starres, nor feard
 (The King thus distant) boldly to appeare.
 Like *Venus* shine at noone, if she doth runne
 Her greatest *Elongation* from the sunne.

Lord

Henry the seventh.

37

Lord *Lovell* with his powrs advancing forth
March'd towards *Yorke*; the King to let them know,
He was in's *Zodiack* still, though so farre *North*,
Did suddenly against the Rebels goe.

In civill discords a *delay* may be
More dangerous than a *temeritie*.

But by his Heralds first he pardons sent,
(So *Tamberlane* sent his *white flagge* before.)

Henry by *lenitives*, not *corsives* meant
Those ulcerated members to restore.

No *soldier* but a *Herald*; nor a *blow*

But (strange) a *Pardon* overthrew the foe.

The best of *Trophees*: chiefly when the warre
Is betweene King, and subject; those are best
Complexion'd conquests, which least *sanguine* are,
And those most *modest* which doe *blush* the least.

Camillus once was by *Romes* Senate thought
Worthy to *Triumph*, though he had not fought.

And greatest *Trophee* too: they layd their hearts
At *Henries* feete to be triumphed o're
And yeelded their mindes captive, which imparts
The bravest glory to the Conquerour,

For 'tis more hard to *reconcile* than *kill*;

For you may force ones *pow'r* but not his *will*.

D 3

After

After this *Northerne* blast was overblowne,
 The King is made the Father of a Sonne :
Arthur call'd; after whose birth did frowne
State-tempests in the land; new *stormes* begun
 To shake his throne; thus *tempests* beate the skies
 Soone as that *starre*, which beares his name doth rise.

A new King is in making, who pretended
 Fourth *Edwards* blood, and that his line was not
 Broke off, nor yet his lawfull issue ended ;
 And when a King a Prince of *Wales* had got
 A Priest steps in, and undertakes to get
 A Duke of *Yorke*, or a *Plantagenet*.

A Bakers sonne the Preist intends to mold
 Into a Prince; a matter that would sute,
 Well wrought with any feature ; how they could
 Transchange the *Bakers bread*; Ile not dispute.
 This act is almost of as high a state,
 The *Bakers sonne* he'll *Transubstantiate*.

First he resolv'd his *scenicke* Prince should play
 The Duke of *Yorke* : but when he heard the King
 Purpos'd to make *Plantagenet* away,
 He chang'd his *Theame*, and his *Mercuriall* thing
 Must act young *Warwicke*: when this Prince is slaine
 Enter his *Ghost*, new conjur'd up againe.

The

Henry the Seventh.

39

The Boy was capable all formes t' admit,
Like the *Materia prima*, and might be
By some Philosopher mistooke for it,
In him, as in some Pictures, you might see
A different face : on this side he was tooke
For *Yorke*, on that he did like *Warwick* looke.

Yet if you marke the Consequents, you may
Conceive, that the *Queene Dowager* was she,
That did this *Picture* draw, the Project lay,
For *Henry* mu'd her up at *Bermondsey*,
Just at that time; who else had nothing done
Worth turning of a *Queene* into a *Nun*.

Beside, the *Priest* did ne're the *Coppis* see,
He was to write by, nor the *face* survey
He was to pourtraict : like young *Painters*, he
Did on this *Peece* but the dead colours lay ;
Her *Pencell* 'twas, so did it to the life,
That th' extract with the patterne was at strife.

Yet though the *Peece* was lim'd most curiously,
He knew his object must not stand too neere
Th' examination of a judging eye
His *Picture* farthest, fairest would appeare.
This show must be farre off, or in the night
His *Puppit-play* was best by *Candle-light*.

D 4

The

The History of

The Priest to *Ireland* for this reason goes:
 (Their humours there did with the place agree.)
 Who did inhabit by the *Alpin* snowes,
 Their valour like their snow dissolv'd would be,
 As *Florus* hath of old observ'd, and here
 The *Bogges*, and men equally ticklish were.

Some of the great ones first came fairely on
 To adore this Idoll, but the People doe
 Runne headlong in a wild devotion.
 As in a *Lacke* the greater Wheelles doe goe
 With soft and sober turnings; but the lesse
 Are hurried with a whirling giddinesse.

At *Dublin* Castle he was entertain'd
 With honour due unto a King; brought thence
 He's in the Church proclaimed, where he scign'd
 The Genuine bravery of a naturall Prince.
 That of *Sebastian* forteth with this *Else*
 He was the true one, or the Divell himselfe.

When in the fable *Mercury* is sayd
 To baffle *Sofia*, that he knew not whether
 He was himselfe, or not: he never playd
 More neatly, for if these two met together,
 It might be feared, that this *Mimicke* Youth,
 Would have *Out-York'd* him that was *Tork* in truth.
 The

Henry the seventh.

41

The *Country* where they layd the *Scene*, did more
Trouble our *Henry*, than the part they playd :
For if the King in Person should sayle o're
England would rise, though *Ireland* should be lay'd;
Like the *Barbarians Emblem* of the hide,
Tread upon *one*, you raise the *other side*.

Lost in this doubt, the King resolves to try
His usuall Art of warre, and to stand sure
At the old guard, he conquer'd Rebels by.
He threw a Pardon out : 'twas *Henries* lure
That Rebels stoop'd at ; and his fairest way
To win : for *Henries Olive* was his *Bay*.

Then that th' Imposture might be plainly seene,
A Publicke true *Plantagenet* was showne :
To the disparity, that was betwene
The *Truth* and *Counterfeit* was easly knowne.
They judg'd without a *Perspective*, and glasse
That this a *starre*, that but a *Meteor* was.

Lincolne knew well this *fallacie*, yet he
Pretending Ignorance, to *Ireland* sayld.
This Earle by *Richard* was design'd to be
The next successour, if right Heires had fail'd.
And he resolv'd when e're the field was won,
This King should *Play* no more, his part was done.
This

This flash was but a Starre imaginary,
 But the reflex of a *Plantagenet*:
 That of it selfe would vanish and miscarry;
 And this by *Henry* or eclips'd, or set.

And *Lincolne* thought, when they should disappear
 To be translated to the *English* spheare.

Burgundias Dutchesse next (whose envious eye
 Star'd upon *Henry* to effascinate
 His greatnesse) did with so much malice rise,
 That *Nature* seem'd this *Lady* to create,
 To try a new experiment, and see
 How much might goe to th' making of a *Shee*.

They call'd this *Dutchesse*, *Henries* *Inno* who,
 (As if her fingers spun the threds of fate
 For the two *Rivall* families) did doe
 Or undoe any thing; and meditate
 To raise the *Torkists* *Henry* to destroy:
Torke was her *Greece*, and *Lancaster* her *Troy*.

The reputation of the *Dutchesse* lent
 Face to the Action, and her forces *Heart*;
 Two thousand *Almaines* to their ayde were sent
 Vnder the charge of old experienc'd *Smart*.
 Such are best leaders, for old chieffes are such,
 Whom death ev'n makes a conscience to touch.

Thu

Henry the Seventh.

43

Thus bravely back'd, they cal'd a Councell, whether
The warre, and action should be seated there ;
For that of force would draw our *Henry* thether,
And stirre up dangerous alteration here ;
Be not the *Lyon*, or the *Eagle* by
And every beast will rore, every bird fly.

But nor that Country bred, nor could be bought
Enough, to keepe so great an armie there ;
Ev'n *bunger* would have made their *bellies* thought
Their *throates* were cut, before a sword came neare.
And make them such thin starvelings, that they might
Be fitter for a *visit*, than a *fight*.

This made the Peoples generall votes encline
For *England* : they in civill discords strike
The businesse home; nor dare the chieffes decline
Their wishes, for they lead their leaders : like
The *Dragon* in the fable: where the *head*
Was in the *rereward*, and the *taile* did lead.

It was good Policie to make the warre
Invasive; for invaders seeme to come
With bravest Hearts; and th' *Irisb* thought they were
So freinded here, that they might beat's at *home*.
And *Scipio* spake an Oracle, when he
Sayd *Africk* must in *Africk* conquer'd be.

Soone

Soone did the *Rebels* under the command
Of *Lincolne*, *Swart*, of *Lovell*, and *Kildare*
In *Lancashire*, without impeachment land,
No Fleet to intercept them being there.

Strange, since attempts by Sea are best withstood,
In *cittadels* of *Oke*, and *walls* of *wood*.

The Art of warre hath rarely thought it fit
To let our enemie land : (determind so
In fatall eighty eight;) or to admit
Vpon our shore th impression of a foe.

Tis ominous, and hath beene often knowne,
They stampe the ground they tread on for their own.

But *Henry* gave them landing : so he did
To *Perkin* after, else the King had showne
Perhaps injustice, should he them forbid
To enter peaceably upon their owne.

Poore things, he let them come into his *traine*,
Then *Piniond* them from flying backe againe.

Landed, their march points towards *Torke* ; a place
Once fit for their designs; for 'twas the *Bed*
Where the *White Roses* grew, and whence the race
Of all the true *Plantagenets* was spread.

That Corner for his *shrine* this *Image* chose,
And there a *Bramble* would supplant a *Rose*.

Ba

Henry the seventh.

47

But (had not shame made silence) *Lovell* might
Have told, the nature of the place was chang'd,
'Twas there where he himselfe refus'd to fight,
And ran away when all his men were rang'd.
And *Henry* had beene there, whose *Physicke* had
Cheerd up the wholsome blood, and purg'd the bad.

The King makes on, to let them see there lay
A better King i'th' *Packe*. Of foes at home
Let me but see them, he was wont to say,
As if with him to see, and overcome
Were termes convertible; but see, and dye,
Like *Basilisks*, kings having a Killing eye.

And sure the Princes presence hath beene thought
Most efficacious, that the action might
Sort to an issue; and some nations brought
Their *Infant Kings in Cradles* to the fight.
My Prince shall make me as much reverence feele
Shaking his *Rattle*, as his rod of *steele*.

I know 'twas *Henries* principle, for he
Both out of valour and distrust would goe
Himselfe in *Person* gainst the *Enemie*.
The *Turkish* bounds were first extended so
As some observe: for their first *Sultans* tooke,
Some charge in every battaile that was strooke.
Besides,

Besides, their presence brings more clearly in
 Claime to the Glory of the victory,
 Of which some Princes have so jealous bin,
 That *Constantine* this *Act* did ratifie :

*To us the Honour of the Conquest yeeld,
 A hundred miles though distant from the field.*

Lincolne makes to the King ; although no ayde
 (As he had promis'd to himselfe) appeard ;
 And though he saw his confidence betray'd
 He wisely did dissemble what he fear'd.

And lightning hopes were in his browes exprest,
 Though loud despaire did thunder in his brest.

'Twas done like a *Commander* : he must call
 Assurance to his most deplor'd occasion :
 A Captaines passion's *Epidemicall*,
 And souldiers put it on by imitation.

A souldier will his Captaines colours weare,
 Be they the *Red* of Joy, or *Pale* of Feare.

Lincolne encamp'd upon a hill : (so high
 His hopes were once) but *Henry* in the plainē
 (So was his Case) *Lincolne* resolv'd to try
 His fortune presently, march'd downe againe,
 And from the hill descending to the vale,
 Himselfe was his owne *Emblem* of his fall.

Then

Henry the Seventh.

47

When twas advis'd, whether they should protract
Suddenly upon the Rebels fall :
At Henry willing that great chiefe to act
Who by *deferring nothing* conquer'd all.
Calls for the fight : and *Politicks* have cast
In all *defections* Generals must make hast.

But how they fought is told so nakedly,
As if the writers of those times had layd
blanke in that part of the *History*,
To let the *moderns* guesse what should be sayd
For *Chronicles* doe it so lamely tell,
As if twere sayd, they *came*, they *fought*, they *fell*.

They say the Vangard, where the King did lead
Did onely to the fight assistance bring :
As if the King in charity would spread
Some Princely lustre on this pretty thing,
Who would have beene a king; though he were none
Here was his *Glory*, he had fought with one.

And Lovell feeling that the fight grew hot,
Thought of a cooler, and would swimme the *Trent*;
Not long before the other side he got
Was swallow'd by the angry Element.
It seemes the *streame* out of a loyall sence
Would nor support a *Traitor* to his Prince.

But

The History of

But valliant *Smarts* for terme of life did take
 Possession of the ground where he did stand.
 And *Lincolne* too, whom though his Hopes did make
 The sole Commander oncé of the whole land.

Measure him now, and he'le no more contest,
 Give him *six* foote, let who will take the rest.

There was the *mock-king*, younker *Simmell* tooke,
 Whose word was *Regno*, when he did appeare
 On th' highest cog of Fortunes wheele: but strooke
 To *sine Regno* now, the lowest there.

Thus Honours *Pyramid* it selfe extends
 Into a *Point*, then in a *nothing* ends.

But *Henries* scorne, or pittie would not goe
 So farre as to his life: rather thought fit
 To keepe him in his *Kitchen* for a show.

Where he should turne a *Scepter* to a *Spit*.

And there the king whose right they did so boast
 Must be content to fit, and rule the roast.

Nor would *Augustus* have that *Puppit* slaine
 That *Alexander* who was brag'd to be,
 King *Herods* sonne, but in a brave disdaine
 Enslav'd him in his *Gallies*: so that he

Who gloried at the *Helme* of *State* before,
 Sate then degraded tugging at an *Oare*.

Aft

Henry the seventh:

79

After the field was won, Henry did fall (spronght
To weede the rootes, whence following wats might
As 'twere to *cancel* the *Originall*
Whence future discords might be copied out,
Had he left off, when th' *Enemie* did flye,
He had but *would*, not *meddled* Victory.

He cut off all th' adherents, that did stand
For the late Rebels, and each sparke bereave
Of hope to reenflame; it was a brand
Stamp'd upon *Cesars* actions, not to leave
A warre halfe done. From an *unvanquish'd* foe,
And yet *provok'd*, the greatest dangers grow,

Now Henry look'd abroad, and having here
Dispell'd the sullen mists, began to throw
His *lustre*, and his *Influence* elsewhere.
Like to a naturall Agent, which doth show
Its vertue in the *Center* first, and thence
Dilate it selfe to the *circumference*,

And it was time; for now King *Charles* of *France*,
Aiming at *Brittaine* in's ambitious minde,
Quarrels the *Duke* for succouring *Orleans*
Who had fled to him. 'Tis not hard to finde
Pretenses, when inferiours should be vext,
Give me but *Pow'r*, I le finde out a *pretent*.

E

The

The History of

The French Embassadors to Henry sue,
 Or to stand *Neuter*, or their Master aide
 Against Brittaines Duke; but Henry knew
 Should he doe either, Brittain were betray'd.
 And in this *Dutchie* were the French invested
 We should by sea at pleasure be infested.

But this *Dilemma* was well nearē above
 All *Henries* Logick: Henry was so ty'd
 Both to this King, and Duke, that he must provē
 Ingrate to one, ayding of either side
 He hath a *Wolfe* by th' Eares, and doth not know,
 Whether 'ts best to *hold*, or let him goe.

He would not stand a *Neuter* (like the *Bea*
 When *Beasts*, and *fowles* in the feign'd Battaile fought,
 And therefore curs'd to flye in darkenesse;) that
 Had *Henries* vertue into question brought,
 For not asserting *Justice*, which must be
 Faire on one side upon necessitie.

At last concludes for Brittain; for he should
 At once be *Charles* his friend, and his owne foe,
 Should he ayde France, and no injunctions hold,
 Man to such offices as man undoe.

The strictest *Moralist* will set me free,
 Where my owne gratitude would ruine me.

Henry

Henry the Seventh.

SE

Henry indeede by a Particular tye
Had beene much bound to *France*; but he was more
Bound to preserve his subjects liberty,
Which had beene hazzarded were *Brittaine* lost.
The greater Bond thus making voyde the lesse,
Who can implead him of ingratulnesse?

Then was the Action mov'd in *Parliament*
To feeble the *People*; who of their innate
Envie to *France* did promise to resent
The case of *Brittaine* their confederate.
Were *Brittaine* swallow'd first, they stood perplex;
'Twere a preparative to take *England* next.

And that the succours might be more compleat
By joyning *Gold* to *Steele*; they give the King
A subsidie. Henry did seldome treat
Of any warre, but did some treasure bring.
The courtest Ore he wisely could refine,
And digge his *Gold* out of warres *Iron Mine*.

That time without commission from the King,
The hot *Lord Woodville* in the *Brittons* ayde
Levied foure hundred men: a desperate thing
And Introduction to have a state betray'd.
To Private men this Priviledge afford,
You arme the Subject gainst his narrall Lord.

E 3

But

The History of

But as if fortune had resolv'd to tell
 The world, his act was rash; he lost his blood,
 And though his *Cause* was *just*, yet *justly* fell
 In th' Action: for to make a quarrell good
 'Tis requisite the Combatant should show
 Both a just *Cause* and *Deputation* too.

Soone as the newes of this defeatē did *land*,
 So soone the *English* succours set to *sea*
 But that soone was too *late*; when towres doe stand,
 With bending browes, men will immediately
 Set buttresses; he that would save a state
 In its *decline*, must not *procrastinate*.

This stay made *Henry* censur'd, and the blot
 Was mark'd of all, set in so high a *fane*
 As *Henries* worth. Small *Starres* obscur'd would not
 Be mark'd by *Kepler*, or the *Noble Dane*;
 But be the *Sunne* Eclips'd, th' Eclipse will be
 Tooke to a *Digit* by some *Alestrooe*.

That which deceived him was, he set his rest
 That *Charles* meant faire; but he drew closely on
 His warre i th' *Treatie*, and that Rule profess
 That th' Eleventh *Lewis* lectur'd to his sonne
 To learne but so much *Latine*, as might tell,
 And tutour him how to *dissemble* well.

Besides

Henry the seventh.

13

Besides his trust in *Maximilian's* strength,
Who was to marry with *Britannias* heire,
Impos'd upon him : for that King at length
Shew'd him selfe nothing, when he lost so faire
A Hope as *She* : for he cold Suitour did
Dutchesse, and *Dutchy* too by *Proxie* wed.

This *Confidence* her followers betrayes,
Mounts us to foile us; like the *Eagle* just,
When she will *breake*, she will the *Fortoise* raise.
Henry had sav'd this *Dutchy* by distrust,
That argument of weakenesse; seldome heard,
The *weakest* thing should be the *strongest* guard.

The subsidie was now to be collected;
But he must be beholden to his sword
For's mony : which the *Northerne* men protected
As *Gryphons* doe the *Ingots* which they hoord :
Or like the *Mines* which as *Olau* writes,
Have for their *Guardians* *Subterranean* *Sprites*.

For the *Commissioners*, no sooner came
To *York-shire*, but they rais'd a mutinie
Instead of mony : for King *Richards* name
Being there still in recent memory
Rose like a *spirit* at some *conjuratiō*,
And the great word i'th *Circle*, was *Taxation*.

E 3

For

For they, as once the *Androsians* did pretend
 Want; whom when *Athens* did enjoin to pay .
 A Tax, and for the levying it did send
 The Goddess *Violence* : We have sayd they
 A Goddess too, as powerfull as she
 A Goddess, which we call *Necessity*.

This roused *Henry* in just rage to see
 Th' authoritie of *Parliament* cast downe.
 To countermand what there th' *Estates* decree,
 Doth make a blow directly at the Crowne.
 And should he suffer that, he should commit
 Implicit treason 'gainst himselfe, and it.

And should he winke at th' *Antecedent* there,
 He would be forc'd this *Consequent* to see;
 Therest by dangerous *Logick*: would inferre,
 If *Yorke-shire* will not pay it, why should we.
 And by strange *Grammar* never taught in Schoole,
 From one *Example* make a *Generall* rule.

Then to *Northumberland* his *Mandates* goe,
 With strict injunctions nothing to remit :
 But he the businesse doth carry so,
 That by the People thought the cause of it,
 He's slain in th' Act : sure *Henry* was at cost,
 Before a *Pemie* got a *Noble* lost.

Being

Henry the Seventh.

55

Being thus in Blood, the malcontents agree
To goe against King *Henry*; and conclude
Chamber and *Egremond* their chieftes should be.
And thus the many-headed *Multitude*,
Although it boasted *Heads* enough before,
To be more *Monster* will have two *Heads* more.

Fame with one of her *Pinions* soone had writ
This newes to *Court*: *Surrie* as soone was sent
To hush this Tumult, and annihil it;
Who like a Tempest scouring as he went,
Some of those *Clouds*, scar'd at his presence flew,
But like the wind call'd *Cecias*, others drew.

For the *Principalls* were tooke, and led
To *Yorke*, where they did by just vengeance fall;
Chamber in gallant manner suffered,
For he was hang'd in State above them all.
Thus *Chamber* even in ruine did aspire,
For they erected him one story higher.

But *Egremond* seeing the cause miscarry,
And all his followers like a mist dispeld,
Fled into *Burgundy*, that *Sanctuary*
Of Traytours: who like vapours hence expeld
To *Her*, as to the middle *Region* flew,
The Place whence *Henries* greatest *Tempests* grew.
Then

Then Henry call'd a *Parliament* againe,
 (For *subsidies* he did remunerate
 With *Lanes*;) and such were framed in his *Reigne*,
 As with th' old *Heroes* shall him celebrate
Lycurgus would be prow'd, if hither sent,
 To be but *Clerke* of *Henries Parliament*.

For 'twas a Principle amongst the Prime
 Of their Lawgivers t' have the law aspire
 To the Condition of the present time
 And seldome had their mounture planted higher.
 But in all *Henries* statutes, *Henries* eye,
 Look'd through the present at futurity.

In *England* then as in *Polonia* now
 Were but two sort of People: the whole land,
 Or in too base servility did bow,
 Or in too high a statelinessse command
 To have no *meane* a *vacuum* doth imply
 Abhor'd in states, as in Philosophy.

The reason was inclosures; farmes were then
 Turn'd to demesnes; therefore the land as yet
 No Yeomen had, but clownes or Gentlemen:
 Th' abuse reform'd did that third sort beget.
 So proving, what our Logicke doth deny,
 The best division is *Trichotomie*.

By

Henry the seventh.

57

By this myſterious way our Soldiery
Had its foundation layd ; in any ſtates
To live too poorely, or too gallantly,
Naps the ſpirits, and emasculates.
For through a ſoſneſſe, and *habituall fears*,
One cannot ſuffer, th' other cannot dare.

Which makes a morall Monster in the ſtate,
Fortitude defective in one part :
For *action* joyn'd with *paſſion* integrate
The *All* of valour; and a Souldiers heart
Muſt have them ſo, that yet they hardly know,
Which is the chiefe, to ſuffer or to doe.

ut then this ſort of men, as a third creature,
Red up in fulneſſe, and ſome taking paines:
Amphibion-like partaking of each nature,
Made able foote : ſo having equall graines
Of pow'r to doe, and ſuffer, valour went
By this new mixture to a temperament.

his time were *Maximilians* ſubjects grownē
To Rebels; and the newes to *Henry* flies;
Who like a King did make the caſe his owne,
Or he ſtood *Umpire* in all injuries.
As if *Aſſea*, when ſhe did abhorre
The Earth had made him her Executour,

And

And to such perfect Rebels, that they tooke
 Their Sovereigne *Prisoner*, after faith was made,
 And loyalty was vow'd: when he did looke
 For all things rather than to be betray'd.

Dangers most dangerous, when we doe not minde
 Not to *looke* for it, is the way to *finde* it.

And in this Act a *Smith* stir'd most about,
 (*Basenesse* first tramples on a humbled Crest.)
 The *Emblem* proves that the ignoble rout
 Scoffes most at greatnesse clouded, and deprest.

The *Pygmies* mocked *Alcides*, when he slept,
 And none but *Hares* by the dead *Lyon* leapt.

A *Smith* was busiest with the *Emperour* ;
 The *Cornish* Rebels did a *Smith* obey :
 A *Bardeaux* *Smith* first strooke the governour,
 Who came a civill discord to allay.

And the *Ephesian* Silver-Smiths did make
 An uprore for their great *Dianas* sake.

Tumults seeme incident to *Smiths* by fate
 Whose very Trade doth as an *Emblem* shew
 Both the Incendiaries of a State,
 And bellows too, which the sedition blow,

The Hammers with their harsh tumultuous jarre,
 Make in their braines a kind of Civill warre.

Ho

How did that Time crosse its first course, when fate
 Could Kings subject to their owne subjects doome?
 An English rebell: These their King Captivate,
 The Scots Kill theirs; as if the dayes were come
 The Cynick spoke of, that when he was dead,
 Nature invert should stand upon her head.

Then into France the King some forces sent,
 To show to keepe the English Pale unwonne;
 It in his secret, and his chiefe intent
 To succour Maximilian: thus the Sunne
 In his apparent course posts to the West,
 But by his hidden tract creepes to the East.

Now before Dixmue were the French set downe,
 And raised thus by th' English: a French spie
 Promis'd in lieu of Pardon from the Towne
 To bring them safe upon the Enemye.

So whilst the Towne, by th' English then releev'd,
 Reprev'd a Rogue, a Rogue the Towne reprev'd.

His Emissary brought them all unseene
 Close to the Campe: which carelesse never thought
 That th' English Forces could so neere have beene,
 Who for a hundred lives the Conquest bought:

This Engin first against the Towne did lye,
 But a Rope turn'd it on the Enemye.

Lord

Lord *Cordes* madded to be thus disgrac'd
 Beleagred *Newport*, and so farre prevail'd;
 That the *French* Banner on a Fort was plac'd,
 But soone remov'd, so power fully assail'd.

Such stormes came whistling from the *English* bo
 Their *Lilies* planted there, not long could grow.

For some few *Archers* newly had put in
 At *Newport Hav'n*; who by successe did show
 So much of strength that *Cordes* thought they had bi
 More than indeed they were: for looking through
 Th' Event, as through a Multiplying Glasse
 He judgd their number greater than it was.

Conceit the weakest things can fortific;
 And in a turne, the strong debilitate.
 This few, thought more, did thousands terrifie;
 For our *Imagination* may create
 Reall effects: though here no cause to yeeld
 His owne *Opinion* beate him from the field.

This *Lord* wish'd madly, that he might be fir'd
 Seven yeares in *hell*, so he might *Callis* take:
 But when his seven yeares lease had beene expir'd,
 I doubt this wish he would his second make,
 To lye there seven yeares longer to have beene
 Secur'd by faith ne'r to come thereagen.

Havi

Henry the seventh.

61

aving for *Maximilian* thus prevail'd
e pres'd him to the Marriage with the *Heire*
Brittaine; for although his armes had fail'd,
thought the losse of *Brittaine* to repaire
his way: and judg'd, that though his *Armes* did misse
Ladies Armes more Powerfull than his.

nd *Maximilian* did so farre proceed,
married her by *Proxie*, who did lye
n' spowfall sheetes with one legge; but indeed
at Court devise had no validity.
Twas a lame match; what could the *Proxie* doe
With his one leg, where's master should have two?

ng *Charles* resolv'd that this tricke was vaine,
for caring though his friends turn'd Enemies)
ock'd at the Ceremony; and to gaine
e *Lady* planted golden Batteries.
Not so to win a woman is hard hap,
When *Love* rain'd Gold, *Danae* held her lap.

nd that which winneth in a Ladies eye:
ng *Charles* was lusty, *Maximilian* old,
intent to lye with her by *Deputy*:
ho would not choose this *heate* before that *cold*?
The *Lady* yeeldes: nor will I thinke it strange
That two such things should make a woman change.
Nor

Nor could she well deny, if *Charles* entreat,
 For if she should in Opposition lye,
 Then out of *France* warres did her Country threat,
 Therefore to yeeld was her best Policie.

Turne *Mars* to *Venus*, and not fight but wēd,
 And so conclude the quarrell in a bed.

But here's the Knot: King *Charles* himselfe is bound
 To *Maximilians* daughter by contract,
 And she to *Maximilian*; but he found
 A trick to solve both riddles with one Act.

And by the dextrous cunning which he try'd,
 One knot he loosed, and another ty'd.

Want of consent did both contracts bereave
 Of validnesse; the *Dutchesse* was his *Ward*,
 And could not match her selfe without his leave:
 Th' other by her *minority* was bard.

Charles having thus broke this, made a new band,
 And set his owne for *Maximilians* hand.

But that his drift may lye obscur'd, he sends
 Embassadors to enterteine our King
 In vaine beleefe, and to atcheive his ends,
 Whilst *Henry* mock'd imagin'd no such thing.

Charles by dissembling first this *Dutchie* gat,
 Therefore to keepe it, there's no Art but that.

Henry the Seventh.

63

bodies naturall the same things doe
repe them, which made them; and Philosophy
ich Elements are Aliments. Tis to
Bodies Ci vill, for in Policie
'Tis a rul'd Case, That as a State is gain'd,
By the same Arts that state must be mainteind.

ey (to divert his thoughts) doe pray our King
ould let their Master his owne Ward dispose,
us they the match would to conclusion bring,
d the first note scarce heard, be in the close.
And by strange Method make our Henry see;
A Bridegroom, e're he should a Suitour be.

ey tell him that their Master did intend
varre against the Turke, and to advance
Flower de Lis against their Moone, and send
inst the Turkish bow the Gallicke Lance.
True, he was Plannet-strooke, but that was done,
by Brittaines Venus, not the Turkish Moone.

now his misted Counsels did appeare:
marriage did breake out for all to see't;
ich plainely sundred the two Kings who were
eto lines Parallell which will not meete,
hough drawne to an infinity: for they
Who differ in their Ends part in their way.

This

This double Injury, to lose his owne
 And daughters match, made *Maximilian* breake
 To boundlesse rage, with which tweld up, and blown
 The lesse he could performe, the more did speake.

'Tis hollownesse, and emptinesse of ground,
 Which makes an Eccho multiply the sound.

His passion something cold, Reason step'd in
 To shew his weakenesse, and advise him looke
 For aydes abroad, nor his revenge begin
 Vnsided: *Henry* with his wrongs is strooke,
 Like needles of the same magneticke touch,
 If you moove one, the other moves as much.

But knowing that *Conjunction* of Heads
 Is a good part of speech, *Henry* unites
 His Councels with his owne: though a *Prince* leads
 Th' Action in chiefe, he in the *Plurall* writes
Mandamus, volumus, to let men know,
 He doth in Businesse with his Councell goe.

Then warre was noys'd in *Parliament*, which nam'd,
 (As if some exorcisme had beene conceiv'd
 To call up spirits) they were all inflam'd
 To wipe of the disgrace which they receiv'd
 For *Brittaines* losse, and to repaire their shame,
He slighteth v^{er}tue, that will slight his fame.

The

Henry the seventh:

65

their memories present them with the sight
Of the *French Trophies* by their *Gransires* wonne;
Here the first *Henry*; there the *Edwards* fight
th' field of their *Imagination*.

Before the *Sonnes* when such faire *Coppies* stand,
They must write bravely, or a *bastard* hand.

That Parliament (which much conduc'd to warre)
He did a Statute against *Mort-paies* make,
Least Captaines should defraud their men, who are
Old *Gamesters*; when no money is at stake.

They'l beare no *Armes*, but when the *Field* is fuller;
And bravelier charg'd with *Metall*, than with *Colours*.

And so 'twas here: they such a *Taxe* did grant,
That not a Souldier justly could repine;
'Tis fearefull, when they doe their *wages* want,
Or *food*: for hunger keeps no discipline.

Who would the *Body* of an *Armie* make,
Must the beginning at the *Belly* make.

When men were rais'd, and *ammunition* brought,
Sonnes indeed the *sworn* of all warre;
But *swornes* of the *Armes* and *Armes* were thought
By *Machievell* to be preferred farre;

Thus *Solon* deem'd, when he that Monarch told,
The better *Iron* would have all the *Gold*.

F

For

For leaders of these men he did assigne
Bedford and Oxford; so they us'd to be.
 His choise had in it something of Divine,
 Fix'd with a kinde of fatall Constancie
 News from his Grace but *Standy* fell away,
 He was the onely State *Apostate*.

He would not their Election decline,
 Their fortunes did for their election call.
 Felicity is an egregious signe,
 And proper Marke to choose a Generall.
 Let judgement, valour, in the Van appeare,
 'Tis nought, if Fortune bring not up the Rears.

But *Henries* Agents now to *Henry* sent
 That *Maximilian* could no succour be:
Henry so cover'd this advertisement,
 That none perceiv'd he saw what he did see.
 Like to the *Opticke* vertue in the eyes,
 Unscene it selfe, yet all things else discries.

His weakenesse did Originally rise,
 From's *Flemmings*, who indocile to obey
 Did contumaciously their Prince despise,
 Which made him need in jesting earnest say,
 That other Kings were *Kings of men*, but He
 Was *King of Kings*, who would no subjects be.

Sc

Henry the Seventh.

67

So true was that which Machiavell once spake;
On Maximilian who soe'r depends,
Shall from his freindschip no more succour take
Than the Campanians brought unto their friends,
Who being small in strength, and great in Fame,
Vnto their aydes brought nothing but a name,

Then Henry ship'd his men, meaning to be
Alone in th' Action, and the Honour too.
He had so soone pass'd the obedient sea,
As if it had profess'd, what our Lawes doe,
'Twas under his dominion, and his owne
As of the Ligeance of the English crowne.

Then march'd to Bullisat, and already took't
In their capacious thoughts; with threatening eye
They look'd upon it, as Gonsalvo look'd
On Naples, when he vow'd rather to dye
With one foote forward in a noble heate,
Than live an age with halfe a footes retreat.

But suddenly coole Aires of Peace did breath;
Lord Cordes did negotiate that Peace:
Whose Spirit once breath'd onely warre, and death,
Creates now, that all hostility may cease.
The Fabled Clowne would wonder to behold
One, like his Satyre, blowing hot, and cold.

F 2

And

And herē was *Henries* wisdome, not to heare
Peaces soft tunes, before the Drummes had strooke
A low'd defiance; when his forces there
Might force his owne Condition to be tooke.

That's the brave Peace, whose *Articles* are made
Vnder a *shield*, and written with a *blade*.

This Peace pleas'd *Henry*, which the *Frenchmen* bought
With more, than th' *English* gave unto the warre.
But yet the People, seeing he did nought
With all the Money, were enrag'd so farre,
That to a dangerous *Proverbe* they presum'd,
Himselfe he feather'd, and his people plumd.

But our young gallants had most neede of *blacks*,
Who to be bravely furnish'd, paund their lands
In hope of these *French warres*; and on their backs,
Brought so much *English* ground to *Calles* sands,
That they left none. A strange *Armoriall shield*,
That they should beare their *Armes* without a *field*.

He therefore meant to make the pēace be thought
His *Councels* act; and suffer'd them to take
Rich presents, as with which the Peace was bought,
Vnder their shapes *Henry* this Peace did make.
Examine Iove, and looke upon his *scapes*,
The *Poets* make them done in other *shapes*.

The

Henry the seventh.

69

The course he us'd might prejudiciall prove,
By winning of his Councels hearts to *France*;
For *Mutianus* thus pretending love
To *Antonine*, did all his friends advance:
But *Mutian* by this Practise did so please,
Antonine lost all his dependances.

Yet *Henry* had faire Glosses for this *Peace*,
Which did his *Honour* with his subjects save.
T' exhaust no blood, and to imburse th' increase
Of yearly *Tributs*, satisfaction gave.
None bled but the *French* treasure, and the *King*,
Open'd that *veine* for *Phyicke* every spring.

The End of this *French warre* was to rewinne
Brittaine, which was past all *Eviction* gone;
And *Maximilians* aides which should have beene
Meanes to acquire this *End*, came never on.
No *Agent* doth his purpose more extend,
Which is defective both in *meanes* and *end*.

But this was his best *Argument*; he heard
That *Burgundy* was making of a *King*
Out of a *Duke* of *Yorke*, and justly fear'd
The stormes which follow'd. For this twice-born thing
Like to the twice-borne *Bacchus* at his *Birth*,
Amaz'd with Thunder the affrighted *Earth*.

F 3

The

The *linkes* of *causes* let in *Homers chaine*
 Not closer joyn'd, nor more continued are,
 Than the affaires of Kings; no *Interreignes*
 Is in their *State*, nor *Vacuum* in their *Care*.
 The *sweating sicknesse* in his *Dayes* so great,
 Was a *Presage*, that he should *Reigne* in *sweate*.

He (having not respir'd, since he last did
 Strive with a *King* in *Substance*) falls at *Oddes*
 With a *Phantasme*; an *Idoll King* will bid
Henry defiance. *Kings* are *Earthly Gods*,
 And this prov'd *Henry* one, that he should see,
 So many *Idols* tempt his *Deitie*.

Burgundies Dutchesse knew imposture could
 (As the best *Ingen*) torture *Henry* most:
 Therefore sh' had *Spials* for such *Boyes* as should
 Make *Dukes* of *Yorke*: at last on one they crost,
 So apt to take a forme, that if there were
 A *Rellicke* of the *Chaos*, it was there.

And this that *Porkin* was, that *Errant Knight*,
Henries Landloper, *Ape* of *Majestie*;
 Sonne of a *few*, who was a *Convertite*,
 Owning to *England* his *nativitie*.
 And out of zeale the *Dutchesse* now will doe
 Her best, to make the *Sonne* a *convert* too,

But

Henry the Seventh.

71

But this was pretty : our fourth *Edward* did
Christen the Boy, and hence suspicion feignes
Some of that wanton Princes blood was hid
(To make him something *Torke*) in *Perkins* veines.
And this might well the Boyes ambition touch,
God-father had a fillable too much.

This is that metall must trans-changed be
By leaving its first nature: others doubt
If *Gold* can be produc'd by *Alchymie* :
But I'll presume this metall had come out,
(If *Henries* starres did not the worke restraine)
As faire a peece as any *Souveraigne*.

Let *Paracelsus* glory that he can
Make Artificiall men; she will doe more;
And by a resurrection bring a man
To a Naturall life, which he had lost before.
Who in so neere a likenesse did survive,
As that he pos'd the clearest *Perspective*.

Soone as her *Art* this *Bullion* had refined,
She stamp'd him with the face of majestic;
And soone as she had this *Rose Noble* coyn'd
She sent him from her, least the mystery
Might be discover'd, and suspicion should
Thinke he were cast in a *Burgundian* mold.

F 4

Hot.

Hot from her shop to *Portugall* he goes
 To waite a fit Coniuncture, which must be
 When *France*, and *England* are declared foes;
 Soone as they had this opportunitie,
 This *Peece* was vented on the *Irish* shore,
 Where one as *false* was *currant* once before.

From thence King *Charles* sent for him into *France*,
 Where he a guard, and Princely service had;
 So great an invitation might enhance
 His price: For *greatnesse*, and *great* men doe adde
 Opinion, and the most adulterate stone,
 Will be thought true, if worne by such an one.

But when this little *Cockatrice* did heare
 That *France* with *England* an accord did strike:
 This Ghost of *Yorke* durst walke no longer there,
 But fled it as a Circle. Peace was like
 An Incantation, and the very smell
 Of a Peace-offring did this spright expell.

Then like a Body which returnes into
 Its Principles, he to the *Dutchesse* went;
 And constant to himselfe did nothing doe,
 Wherein he did not bravely represent
 A Prince, and though by Nature he were none,
 Custom that second Nature made him one.

The

Henry the seventh.

73

The *Dutchesse* made it strange in company,
Where she would sift him, and with questions prove;
At length receiv'd him like some Prodigie:
He seem'd to imitate the *Birds of Iove*,
Which at the Sunne their doubtfull *aiery* view,
Nor till they thinke it *false*, will thinke it *true*.

This newes our *Commons* swallow'd greedily,
Whose custome 'tis to loath the present state,
Affecting change; which is the quality
That from their mother they doe propagate.
And as the *Spaniards* say, there cannot goe
A needles point betweene their *Y*, and *No*.

He lively set the *Peoples Humors* forth
Who drew a silly Ass, and drew him clad
In furniture of an unvalued worth,
Who, though these rich habilliments he had
Lothing his *Golden saddle*, cast his eye
Vpon an other base one, that lay by.

The *Humours* then secretly gather'd head
Whence to breake forth. Thus doth the Earth dispense
Her hidden waters, till they finde a bed
Where their collected streames may lodge, and thence
With struggling murmurs they a Passage teare,
And make a bubbling insurrection there.

The

The Lord *Fitzwater*, *Thwaites*, and *Mountfort* were
 The chiefe : and *Stanly*, who at *Bosworth* fought
 As *Henries Guardian Angell*, will be here
 His *Matus genius* now; as if he thought
 To tell the world, that as he could create
 A King, so he could one annihilate.

Henric to make the world this juggling see,
 Prov'd that the tender *Princes* had beene slainē,
 And did evince infallibly, that he
 Could not be *Torke*, unlesse they would mainteine
 His resurrection, and beleeve his Tombe
 Had giv'n him up before the Day of Doome.

When *Perkins* lineage, and himselfe were made
 Naked as truth : *Henry* this course did hold
 To trip him up; he with his traines essayd
 His followers, and dependants. They that would
 Blow up a Castle, will beginne the Mine
 Some distance from the place, which they designe.

If he can make but *Perkins* friends retreat,
 He will by consequence *Perkin* oppresse;
 To anticipate the wayes which make one great
 Is the compendious way to make one lesse.
 When *Causes* stop, *effects* doe make a Pause,
 And perish in the ruine of their cause.

Henry the Seventh.

75

Let *Clifford* from this *Ignis fatuus* flies,
Which shew'd but light to shew men how to erre;
And as the meteor is observ'd to rise
From places, where we doe our dead interre;
So the dead *Duke* gave matter to this flame,
And from his grave this *Ignis fatuus* came.

Their Towing Edifice began to shake,
As soone as *Clifford*, their great prop was gone;
The Arches threaten ruine, if you take
Out of the *Fabrick* but a single stone;
And *Henry* now did all their secrets spye,
For *Clifford* was both *Cabinet*, and *Key*.

Now having thus made their materialls like
And without lime; *Henry* the *Archduke* prayes
To chase him out of *Flanders*, so to strike
The very ground where he his frame did raise.
Some ground to stand on, was the onely thing,
The *Ingener* ask'd the *Sicilian King*.

The *Embassadors* which from our *Henry* went,
The foulness of the crime before him set;
That with more Zeale he might the fact resent;
King but in his coine to counterfeit
Is treason, but to counterfeit a King
In's Person, is a more nefarious thing.

They

They tell his Birth (like that the *Tartars* say
 Now of their *Cinchis*, whom a widdow bore
 Without the ayde of man, some hidden way)
 Such was his Birth : but when all else give o're
 Children, this *Dutchesse* then such *striplings* brings
 As at their Birth give Battaile unto *Kings*.

Therefore they doe request him, that he would
 Abandon *Perkin*, and discard the *Knave*
 Out of the Packe : since no *Impostours* should
 Or can in right any Protection have.

Vnder what Title can he be supply'd,
 Who is not *Torke*, and *Perkin* hath deny'd ?

The Answer they receiv'd was cold, and short;
 That th' *Arch-Duke* would not the *Pretender* ayde:
 Which did not Answer *Henries* hopes, nor sort
 With his desires : for by the Rule, which sayd,
 (If not against him with him) *Henry* spy'd,
 That he was secretly of *Perkins* side.

Therefore in point of Honour, he commands
 No entortrafficke be with *Flanders* made :
Henry knew well, that they would quit their hands
 Of one that should so damnifie their trade.

And did presume *Flanders* would bid adieu
 To this false coyme, fore she would lose the true.

Adver

advertis'd then, that the disease did lye
 both in the Realme, and from the Realme did come.
 he Plaster to the sore he did apply,
 y cutting of Conspiratours at home.
 These sharpe proceedings will annull their plots;
 For *swords* are fittest for such *Gordian Knots*.

like them away, you reunite the State,
 when a Sweating Hinde with weighty stroke,
 and blustering *Hem*, (which doth the sprits dilate,
 and force with more contention) cleaves an Oke,
 And teares the Knotty trunk with labour'd blowes;
 Remove the wedge, the gaping rent will close.

Mountfort, and *Ratliffe*, first with Purple flood
 the scaffold dy'd. The *Gentiles* to appease
 their *Idols* offer'd up their *Childrens* blood
 in expiating sacrifice: but these
 Were to a more devout observance grown,
 Who to this *Idoll* offer'd up their owne.

next *Stanly* comes his last accounts to yeeld,
 which cannot be made up without his head,
 his purer blood stream'd forth at *Bosworth* field,
 but the corrupt was on a scaffold shed.

Blood-letting never such a wonder had,
 That the good blood should come before the *bad*.

How

How oft doe men advanc'd prove treacherous?
 How soone the Graces of their Prince forget?
 Thus *Seian*, *Plautian*, and *Perennius*,
 So true is that the *Florentine* hath writ;
Great benefits, as well as injuries
Have beene the motives to conspiracies.

Knowing that nothing but a crowne can adde
 The last perfection to their power and state,
 They reach at that: and here more means are had,
 Whereby they may their plot facilitate.
 Their *Princes* love, and *freedom* of access
 Make their *strength* more, and their *suspicion* lesse.

Henry was clos'd at *Bosworth*, and the foe
 Had hem'd him in his toiles: *Stanly* forbid
 Deaths, and the foes surprise, and sav'd him so;
 This *Stanly* did, yet this hard fortune had.
 Was there no way to gratifie but this,
 To take *his* life from *him*, who gave *him* his?

Nay, thinking this his service too to low
 For his so high intentions, he did bring
 The *Crowne*, and set it upon *Henries* brow,
 And at once sav'd a man, and made a King.
 Was it not strange, he that did set a crowne
 Vpon his *Masters* head, should loose his owne?

Som

Henry the Seventh.

79

Some Authours make his Case abstruse to know,
 If by *Henry* riddled up in doubt :
 And though *Kings Hearts* cannot be search'd into,
 They doe pretend to picke his secrets out ;
 And by a wondrous kind of theft to get
 The *Jewels*, and nor ope the *Cabinet*.

Nor say, he could ungratefull be ;
 In *Divinity* 'tis better farre
 To thinke there is no *God*, than thinke that he
 Can be *unjust*, so I had rather sware,
 That he in nature never was at all,
 Than thinke he could be so unnaturall.

And though by some *Lewis* the *Eleventh* be thought
 As *Henries* patterne : I will not divine,
 That *Henrie* alwayes like his *Sampler* wrought,
 That he rul'd this Action by that line,
 Which *Lewis* once drew out: when he profess,
 Whom he was bound to, he affected least.

Or will I thinke the sense of *Stanleys* pow'r
 Wak'd his feares, that he his death decreed,
 Only because he fear'd, if to that houre
 His *Power* into *Act* did not proceed.
 He gave that pow'r: and must not *Stanly* live,
 For having that, which *Henries* selfe did give?

Or

Or why should *Henry* have the smallest touch
 Of that? *Great benefits which cannot be*
Repayd displease; For *Stanlies* were not such.
 Or why should any man conceive, that he
 Was one of their disciples, who dare write?
We hate him, whom we thinke, we not requite.

For *Henry* equall'd him, nor thought it hard
 To poyze his merit, and requitall make;
 For *Bosworths* spoyles were *Stanlies*: a reward
 Worthy a King to give, and him to take.
Stanly had all the *Riches* that were there,
 And *Henry* nothing but a *Crowne*, and *Care*.

Then made him *Chamberlaine*, and did commit
 His life into his hands. Who can repine
 At an advancement, so sublime, as it?
 For is it not an *Attribute Divine*?
The lives of Kings are in his hands; then what
 Could *Stanly* challenge more, since he had that?

For *Stanlies* over-merit which some finde,
 I see't not. *Man* is bound to save a man
 By *Natures* lawes; and lawes of *Nations* bind
 Our Countryman to rescue: then who can
 Thinke he doth over-merit, who shall doe
 But that which two great *Lawes* to binde him to?
 Rathe

Henry the seventh:

81

rather than over-merit, *Stanlie* had
over-ambition, (*That peculiar sinne,*
And sollemne vice of greatnesse:) If you adde
the highest honour, which they sweat to winne
They stand upon it, and aspire to more,
And that's a *step*, which was the *top* before.

He lookd on *Henries* favour through a Glasse,
Which made the object lesse: but on his owne
through such a Perspective, as made it passe
in magnitude; by which himselfe was blowne
So great, that out of haughtinesse of spirit,
He lookd not on his *dutie*, but his *merit*.

When he a quarrell pickd; for he did make
suite for *Wales*; which suite he knew would end
in a distaste: whence *Stanlie* meant to take
occasion to forsake his *King*, and *friend*,
Those *Dutch* who purpos'd to revoult, did crave
Of *Flaccus*, what they knew they should not have.

It is true he rescued *Henry*: but to raise
the greatnesse of the rescue by the sense
and greatnesse of the danger; *Stanlie* staies
till safety it selfe could hardly bring him thence.
We should (for Princes are such tender things)
Not onely save, but not, endanger Kings.

G

At

As when *Severus* with our *Brittaines* fought,
 Was beaten from his Horse, and did begin
 To make a flight his safety, *Letm* brought
 A *tardy*, but a certaine rescue in.

He fav'd his *Lord*, yet suffer'd for that act,
 And grave *Herodian* hath approv'd the fact.

But the concurrence of these causes were
 Without the influx of a stronger cause,
 Too weake to take the life of such a peere;
 Not yet or deedes, or words had broke the lawes.
 Say *Henry* thought his thoughts had, must he dye,
 Onely for's owne, and *Henries* phantasie?

But now I heare him speake (and words they say
 Are femalls of sedition) *If I thought*
That this young man were Yorke, and not a play
 Or a disguise, I never would be brought
 T' encounter him. He might as well have sayd
 That *Yorke* in his affection overstayd.

Twass this row's'd *Henries* feare; for the least winde,
 That should from *Stanlies* lippes most calmly blow,
 Could raise a *Tempest* in the Peoples mind;
 If he preach thus, they will *Apostates* grow,
 And rake his doctrine up without a prooffe,
 For *Stanlies*, *Ipsé Dixit*, was enough.

But

Henry the Seventh.

83

But other arguments prov'd his intent;
His words were strongly seconded with *deeds*;
He promis'd ayds, and in the *Interim* sent
Treasure to *Perkin* to support his needs.
What wealth on *Stanly*, *Henry* did bestow,
Stanly will spend in *Henries* overthrow.

I was proud, and *Stanly* did the proofes allow;
But vainely trusting in his *merits*, thought
Confession would availe; but he was now
All'n from his *faith*, and *workes* could merit nought;
Henry in his *Divinity* denyed
That *Stanly* should by *workes* be justified.

It halted not his death, as those who doe
Alter the formes of Iustice, and advise
That punishment should before judgement goe,
Like lightning which before the Thunder flies;
And in such Cases this proceeding like,
Strike him at once, whom once ye meane to strike.

Such diseases they begin the Cure
With Execution; as he did averre,
That we should rather make the Traytour sure,
Than of the manner of the death conferre:
For should you trust a Lyon in a Toyle,
He might both breake it, and his Hunter spoyle.

G 2

But

But this suspicion could not *Henry* move
 To change the course of Law : yet when his eye
 Was fixd upon his *danger*, and the *love*
 Due to himselfe; *Stanlie* is judg'd to dye:
 Their safeties had no counterpoise at all :
 Like scales this cannot *rise*, unlesse that *fall*.

Thus *he* was brought to Aft his fatall houre
 Vpon a scaffold : to let *greatnesse* know
 The twofold danger of too great a Pow'r,
 To him that *hath it*, and the *giver* too.
 Let *greatnesse* held by *Nimium* feare her fate,
 For 'tis a *Tenure* of the shortest *dase*.

Greatnesse triumphing on the towring height
 Of Honour ; if it once be turnd at all,
 Finds motion in it selfe : the very weight
Great Bodies have accelerates their *fall*:
 There is no *Medium* in their *declination*
 Betweene the *height*, and the precipitation.

Pow'r's a strange thing, which even additions make
 Weake, and dispoild to fall : few can *digest*
 The *swelling cheere* of fortune : if you take
 But one dish more, you prejudice the rest :
 Some fortunes, that have *flow'd* gently before,
 Run over, if you *add* one Honour more.

Nila

Henry the seventh.

85

Illus, which issues from the *Zembrian Lakes*;
 His chanell without inundation fills :
 But when th' accession of those snowes he takēs,
 Which are dissolv'd upon the *Cyntbian* hills;
 Then with licentious rage he breakes the reines,
 And turnes the *Plains* to *Bankes*, his *bankes* to *plaines*.

And *Stanlies* fall a generall silence brought
 Upon the Subject : not a man durst speake,
 But closely did imprison every thought
 Even to a suffocation which might breake
 Out with more horror : for by giving vent,
 The *Peccant humours* are exhaust, and spent.

But since *they* dare not speake, the *Pillars* now,
 And *Pasquills* will by a more dangerous way
 Reproove his name, and *defamations* throw,
 Which wound him worse : which made *Severus* say,
 That he lesse feard a *hundred Lances*, then
 Th' impetuous charges of a *single Pen*.

But from within such Humours being tooke
 By a bloodletting, (which is held a part
 Of the worlds Phyfick:) he began to looke
 Outward to *Ireland*, and his thoughts convert
 Thether, for *Henry* by experience found,
 That *venemous* things might breed in *Irish* ground.

G 3

T Eg est

T' Eggest such venim, as did festring lye,
Poynings went over with an armed pow'r;
 With him the active *Prior of Lanthony*,
 (Who was so oft imploy'd) went *Chancellor*.
 To try if *Ireland's* health might be restord,
 [Or by *Bellonas*, or *Astreas* sword.

But there was neither of these swords so long,
 Could reach the *Irish* in their flying course:
 So runnes the *Tygresse*, which hath lost her young
 Borne from her denne on some *Numidian* horse.
 And they eluded *Poynings*, not by fight,
 But as the *Parthians* did old *Rome*, by flight.

Swift foote, (which *Homer* did so oft impose
 Vpon his Knight) the *Irish* much concernes;
 And yet Revenge would reach them, though she goes
 On wooll, if *Nature* did not guard the *Kernes*.
 Their bogges are inaccessible, and would
 Give a repulse to *Love*, though turn'd to *Gold*.

Sometime (sayd he in *Xenophon*,) we try
 To Master things; the greatest fight of all:
 Tis hard to combate with an *Enemic*,
 Whose *Armes* are tooke from *natures* *arsenall*.
 Man rarely from that fight a conquest brings,
 Which is with *Place*, and not with men, but things.
 Thus

Henry the Seventh.

87

Thus *Swethland* fortified by Natures care
Vpon that side, which lyeth opposite
To *Russia*, doth not the Invasions feare
And vaine attempts of the cold *Muscovite*.

For prudent nature set a fringed hem
Of *Finland* Marsh betweene the *Sweds*, and them.

Let not the *Irish* glory, that their might
Rob'd us the Honour of a victory;
The *Nature* of the soyle, and *Countries* site
Scornes an assault, and mockes an Enemie.

That *Poynings* then so meanelly came away,
The *bogs* must set up *Trophies*, and not *they*.

That great *Castruccio*, who soar'd so high,
And was so low in his Originall;
Who twice o'rthrew the Armes of *Thuscany*,
Once at *Fucecchio*, once at *Serravall*.

Machiavell who so fam'd him, was thus free,
To say the *places* beate them, and not *hee*.

But the production of an act so great,
As *Ireland's* peace, did its perfection lacke;
Vntill *Eliza* did the Worke compleat,
That *Virgo* of our *English* *Zodiacke*.

Her maiden fingers tun'd the *Irish Harpe*,
And made that note a *meane*, which was a *sharpe*.

G 4

Ye

Yet *Poynings* there perform'd one worke of fame,
 That all the *English* lawes in *Ireland* should
 Have force : which *Constitution* beares the name
 Of *Poynings law*. It seemes that *Poynings* would
 The *Irish* Rebells to obedience draw,
 Not by the *Law* of *Armes*, but *Armes* of *Law*.

Now *Perkin* calls me, who lookes boldly out,
 Hearing that *Henry* is a progresse gone :
 'Twas *Henries* absence that made *Perkin* stout,
 And counsel'd him to put a boldnesse on.
 When *Henry* like the *sunne*, was progreest *North*,
 This *Mercury*, and wandring starre peep'd forth.

This counterfeit, and *Artificiall* *Rose*,
 (Like to the true ones, which in *Winter* goe
 Backe to their Causes and themselves disclose
 In *Summer*) did himsele in *Summer* show:
 But all the *Winter* with the *Dutchesse* kept,
 Where like a *Rose* he in his Causes slept.

But from this sleepe, when he was well awake,
 And had on *England* an attempt design'd :
 Debtours, and *Malcontents* his part did take,
 And *Bankrupts* flock'd by swarmes: which is a kind
 Of *Reasonable Insect*, that is made
 Of the corrupted matter of some Trade.

No

Henry the seventh.

89

o man of *marke* was in the Armie seene,
cept men *marked* for some *Villanies* :
clons, and *Theeves*, whose fortune it hath beene
to play the *frames* of puissant *Monarchies*.
A man, as *Henry* Great, might feare their force;
For *Rome* and *Turkie* did beginne from worse.

Since *Spartacus* the Fencer, once defid
me at her full, with *Gaole-birds* lately flowne
out of their *Cage* : so bravely that he try'd
great *Pompey's* fortune to be overthrowne.
The fight is doubtfull with that foe to try,
Who brings *despaire* arm'd with *necessity*.

hat none of *name*, and *family* were there,
lenries preventing *wisedome* did effect :
hey by the hand, and *Sword* of *Iustice* were
cut off, whose *Fortunes* *Perkin* might protect :
His *vitall spirits* floated in their *blood*,
And all his hopes were *drowned* in that *flood*.

hey land in *Kent* but there no people rise,
because no braver men with *Perkin* came :
meane *Aspect* strikes not the *vulgar eyes*
but shew a great though an *inglorious name*,
You cannot then their wild devotion hold,
They will adore a *Calse*, if made of *Gold*.

Nor

Nor did the *Gentry* second his designe,
 But mustring up the *People* that were there;
 They Marshall'd them in warlike discipline
 Without confusion; which made *Perkin* feare,
 For *Tumult* was his *Hope*; they did not looke
 Like men of *Perkins Church* that *Orders* tooke.

Himselfe lands not, when he their Order saw,
 (Which was a *Badge*, and *Livery* of a foe)
 Their faire array did so the stripling awe,
 He durst not venture from his shippes to goe;
 And it was thought, that had he come a shore,
 The Youth had never made Sea voyage more.

The *Kentish* seeing that no more would land,
 Nor touch the fatall ground, the Battaile strooke,
 And slew them, fore they could their ships command
 Some seven (core of the Heard, were Prisoners tooke
 A jult mischance to them, for 'twas no more,
 Than they had beene, or should have beene before

Henry for terrour put them all to death :
 Here he was *strangely rigorous* : hut *Hee*
 At the more great Rebellion of *Black-heath*,
 Was *strangely mild* : so that a man may see:
Cesars, and *Cato's* nature met in one,
 Spare all like *Cesar*, or like *Cato* none.

When

Henry the Seventh.

91

When just-revenge, hath a right leuell made,
Come to the head she may the arrow bring;
And when provoked *Iustice* drawes her blade,
To the fire she will the scabber'd fling.

Iustice and *sinne* should keepe an equall race,
If *sinnes* doe gallop, *justice* must not pace.

And thus the courses kept by *Rome* of old,
Were full of terrour, or without it quite:
amillus sayd, the way to *Latium* hold,
Was Punishment, or love: And *Henry* might
From *Alexander* some such notion have,
Or to save all, or none at all to save.

Once by the *Samnites* when the Hoast of *Rome*,
Was streight encompas'd: one did thus advise;
To slay them all, or send them fairely home.
But take the third way: so place your courtesies
That *Rome* endeard may be your friend, or so
Confound her, that she cannot be your foe.

His blaze extinct, *Perkin* to *Flanders* sail'd,
To fetch more fuell: thence to *Ireland* came,
That fumes, and vapours, from those bogs exhal'd
Light the expired *Meteor* reinflame.
But the late thunder made by *Poynings* there
Had purg'd the ayre, and made the Region cleare.

Ireland

Ireland did nothing to his succours bring
 But blustering pray'rs, and uneffectuall vowes.
 Therefore they thinke on *Scotland*, whose young king
 They did presume the quarrell would espouse;
 Glad that with *England* he some cause espy'd,
 With strength, and colour for his cause beside.

To *Scotland* come, they welcome him at Court
 (For *Charles* of *France* had prepossest the King,
 And by his letters had prepar'd him for't)
 And to the *Presence Chamber* *Perkin* bring,
 Where King and Nobles sate in state that day.
 To be spectatours of a Puppet-play.

Admitted to have audience he presum'd
 To play the man he knew not; he did looke
 Starely enough, and *Spirislike* assum'd
 The *Body* of another: for he tooke
Torke from himselfe, and having made a rape
 Vpon his *Part*, thus acted in his *Shape*.

Sir, shall you please to lend a gracious care
 To a sad *Story*, and a Princely eye
 To a sad *spectacle*; then know that here
 Both of those objects represented lye;
 And such that judgement will not censure right
 Whether the *tale* be sadder; or the sight.

England

Henry the seventh.

93

islands fourth *Edward* as your highnesse knowes
no Orphans left to *Crook-backe Richards* care :
man as farre estrang'd from faith, as those
with whom these *Maximes Orthodoxall* are
Ravish *Astrea*, and pull justice downe
If on the *ruines* you may *scale a crowne*.

one he imploy'd his ministers of death
to kill them both, but take no blood at all :
it curiously to suffocate their breath
to make a violent death seeme naturall.
'Tis a *bold Cowardise*, when man shall dare,
To act the *sinne*, and the *suspition* feare.

they posting to the Tow'r (which was the fold
of these soft *Lambs* in a *Wolves Custodie*)
crisic'd one but they their *Master* told
they had in *both* observ'd his Majesty,
He trusts them : for from nature tis receiv'd
An object much *desir'd*, is soone *beleeved*.

and though they were, and villanes to all worth,
they had some softnesse for they pittied one.
in the *Chrystall*, which the freezing *North*
both of an *Ice* convert into a *stone*,
Some little water uncongeal'd we finde,
Not hardned by the rigour of the wind.

And

And they in truth flew not the Eldest sonne:
 For pittying Heav'n, knowing that such a worke
 Is then done best of all, when 'tis not done,
 Mov'd the *Affassinates* to spare poore *Yorke*.
 The Holy-water issuing from his eyes
 Was *Yorke's* expiatory Sacrifice.

Now (Royall Sir) behold that *Yorke* in me;
 Poore wandrer, like that *bird* without a *Gall*,
 Which was th' *Espiall* of the *Arke*; for we
 Could finde no ground to rest our feete at all:
 But our returnes should be of different kind,
 She found an *Arke*, I should an *Altar* finde.

First I was close imprisond in the Tow'r
 Then sent into the world, which is to me
 But as the greater Gaole: for to this How'r
 I never did enjoy a libertie,
 So that you may this my strange freedome call
 A world of roome, and yet no roome at all.

For but this peece of ground, whereon I stand
 Lent by your Princely favour, I have none:
 And yet by birth the Monarch of a land;
 A land by Tyranns now usurp'd upon.
 Thus he whose *hand* should hold a *Globe*, can meet
 No roome in all the *Globe* to set his feet.

Lon

Henry the Seventh.

95

ong have I gone (as these tird limbes can tell)
like restless Heav'n about the Earth ; 'till I
Vere certaine of his Death : at last He fell
t *Bosworth field*. For *Tyrans seldome die*
Of a dry Death ; it waiteth at their gate
Drest in the colour of their Robes of State.

ut what 'though *Richard* did at *Bosworth dye*
he *Persons* are but changd, and not the *Case* :
or now one *Henry Tydaer* doth supply,
he vacant Seat, and prides it in his place.
This Tyranne did of his corruption breed,
His grave was *Henries wombe*, his blood his seed.

erry for surenesse doth my sister wed ;
was his fortune to ascend a throne
the assistance of a *Ladies bed*,
those brother should have lost his life by one.
I had strange fate to *Beds* : for once my owne
Should have my *life*, now *hers* will have my *crowne*.

inking to make the Truth, by scorning weake
sports at me, and sets himselfe aworke
give me names : indeed he dares not speake
ow thinke my owne without affright : for *Torke*
s *Henries tetragrammaton*, and he dares
no more pronounce it than the *Jewes* dare theirs.
He

He by th' imposing of the forged Stile
 Of *Perkin*, would upon the Realme impose
 I am a counterfeit: yet he the while
 Knowes I am *Torke*, but covers what he knowes.
 Thus to the world two Counterfeits are brought,
Henry is one indeed, & but in thought.

For were I an *Impostor*, or a meere
Imaginary Idoll, why should He
 Me in his thoughts, as the true *Torke* revere,
 And so commit civill *Idolatry*?
 The World knowes his devotion, and He
 Can sacrifice no more to *Torke*, than *Me*.

For when in *France* his *Armes* were in the field,
 To question the *French Artribute*, and the Blade
 Drawne to decide, so soone as *France* did yeeld
 T' abandon *me*, so soone the *Peace* was made.
 Here he confess'd my Birth, and did advance
 My naturall Right; I made the *Peace* with *France*.

Th' *English* with *Flemmings* trade, the *Flemmings* com
 And trade with them; but when th' *Arch-duke* did m
 Some love to me, he call'd his merchants home,
 And interdicted trafficke for my sake.

Then, can I be a *nothing*, who have made
 A *Kingdomes Peace*, and mar'd a *Kingdomes trade*?

A

Henry the seventh:

37

And were I not that *Yorke*, why should my *Aunt*
Of *Burgundy* both recognize my Cause,
And second my designs? who will not grant,
That she contesting against nature's lawes
Should wrong her *Niece* a *Queene*, if she should get
A Kingdome from her for a counterfet.

But to use farther demonstrations now
Were in the Cause, and to your judgement vaine:
Truth, and your selfe were prejudic'd, for you
See clearely and the Truth it selfe is plaine:
But like to *Truth* of *Old* 'tis in a *Pit*,
And must lie there, unlesse you succour it.

Now in your brow (*Great Sir*) me thinks I spy
Characteriz'd both pitty, and belife
Of my sad state: which with my selfe doth fly
Into your pow'r, and justice for reliefe.
These are the two, which can my Hopes compleat,
One makes you *Good*, and both may make me *great*.

All Actions doe their consummations owe
To *Can*, and *Will*: these Principles alone
Are all-sufficient, and doe grow in you,
In your *Pow'r*, and in your *Justice* one.
You are my *Guardian Angell*, these your wings,
Whose quills may write me in the list of Kings.

H

The

The Greatest honour will be thine, for I
 Shall be but as thy Creature ; a poore thing
 Temper'd by thee ; and is it not more *High*,
 And *Glorious* to make, than be a King ?

And know (*Brave Prince*) this shall thy honour be
Kings have beene made, *Tyrans* unmade by thee.

Thus *Perkin* boldly spake : and did not spare,
 To promise Mountaines to his *Majestie* :
 Which are no more in nature than those are,
 Call'd *Hyperborean* in some *History*,

And with such life did personate his part,
 That Nature never was so brav'd by Art.

King *James* to *Perkins* declaration sayd,
 Who e're he were, he never should repent
 That he had him his sanctuary made.

His winning lookes made all, that saw relent :
 For he did play True *Yorke* with such a grace,
 'Twas hard to know the *Mettall* from the face.

Diamonds and *Sapphires* are ascrib'd to *Jove*
 In which if any feature be imprest,
 The owner as *Magicians* would prove,
 Shall with the favour of great men be blest :

Then *Perkins* face was in some *Sapphyre* cut,
 Or in a *Diamond* his image put.

And

Henry the Seventh.

99

And to assure him, that he was as much
In his opinion, as himselfe profest,
Young Gordon, that same beautifull *Nay-such*,
(And by the Kings consent) his Nuptrialls blest.
He thinkes he look'd, when both of them were met
Like a false stone, and yet most richly set,

He then ammassed a sufficient pow'r,
And after the most hostile manner enter'd in
Northumberland; and *Perkins Yorke*, false flow'r
Was wagging in the field, and did begin
By a Proclamation a true King to play,
Which like a Herald thus prepar'd his way.

It layd that *Yorke* fourth *Edward*'s second sonne,
That *Lyon* so long *Cauchant* now was rowz'd.
Whose case from Heav'n had so much pittie won,
That *Scotland* now his quarrell had espous'd.
Which with the English got but small applause,
Who for his Company did hate the cause.

promis'd that this warre was but to free
himselfe from danger, them from Tyrannie;
his Princely care (forsooth) was such that he
would not the state or subject damnifie,
Which made King *James* so smile: for doing so
was but to be a *Seaman* to his foil.

H 2

12

It praised Richard that unnaturall Prince;
 Who though he enterd in by usurpation:
 Yet both his equity, and lawes convince;
 That he was noble in administration.

*Nor was this such a wonder, for one can
 Be a good King, and yet a wicked man.*

It told of Stanlies, and of Mountforts fall
 Murd'rd by Henry most inhumanely.

*Then verus like himselfe, he did miscall,
 And what was Iustice nicknam'd cruelty:
 But had not Stanly sufferd, Henry must;
 And so himselfe be cruell, and unjust.*

It cry'd how Henry did with taxes get
 His coffers filld, and the poore Realme abus'd,
 But had the people but the foxes wis,

*'Twas a poore plea for him: the Fox refus'd
 To have the Flies remov'd, which suck'd him first;
 He knew that fesh ones would torment him worst.*

It promild impositions should cease
 And th'hated names of Tax, and subsidie:
 It breathed nought but Dialects of Peace,
 And silken notes of Ease, and libertie.

*It might perswade the people, that they saw
 Too much of Gospell to have any law.*

Henry the seventh.

101.

It profferd worlds to him should take the King.
And give to *Perkin Royall Honours*. He
Did imitate the *Divell* in this thing :
All this I le give, if thou wilt worship me.
The *Divels* and *Perkins* liberality
Was but to draw men to *Jdolatry*.

But these faire words could not the people take :
There was not one that did assistance bring :
Nor would his *Proclamation* perfect make
By the addition of *God save the King*;
They had not studied *Pedegrees*, to learne,
What *Torks*, or *Edwards* sonnes might them concern.

King James despairing of access of aid,
Turnd his intended *Warre* inth a *Road* :
And then with speed returnd : for had hee staid,
Our *Armie* would have eald them of their *Load*
Of spoile and bootie : soone as that should come
They'de have their *Handsfull*, yet goe *Emprie* home.

Before that *Henry* would the wrong repay
Made by this depredation : *Henry* made
A *reparation* of the *trades* decay,
And with the *Flemmings* did renew the trade :
That with his *Treasure* a *Decorum* kept,
Twinlike they *smild* together, twinlike *wep*.

H 3

This

This mutuall entertrafficke seemes a thing
Purpos'd by Nature. Isles (which in the sea
 Are set like stones within a Chrystall Ring)
 Nature hath not so farre remov'd, but we
 May from some part, some other land descry,
 To minde us of this Sociable tye.

Trading confirm'd; he calls a *Parliament*,
 And shewes that war with *Scotland* must be made:
 Though he conceal'd his inference, they sent
 His *Logicke* was, as if he should have sayd
 If warre then Coine: when he his *medium* drew
 From warre, they easily his *Conclusion* knew.

With sixescore thousand pounds the subjects prove
 They tookethis meaning right. In one we reade,
 His warres were a strange *Ore*, Iron above
 And Gold below: 'twas a strange *Ore* indeed;
 For *Naturalists* observe, that in the ground
 Where Iron is, there's no rich metall found.

The Kings Collectours at *S. Michaels Mount*
 Met with a Cruell rub: For while they strive
 To bring the stubborn *Cornish* to account,
 Those People (buried in their *Mines* alive)
 Mistaking it for *Doomesday*, did begin
 To Rise out of their *Sepulchers* of Tin.

The

Henry the Seventh.

103

These Pioners (as if they ow'd their Birth
To the Earth matrix) crept out of the Ground;
And like the *Giants* the old sonnes of Earth
Against the gods doe an *Alarm* sound.

To undermine had beene their trade of fate,
And so 'tis still; but not the ground but state.

Want made them murmur: for the People, who
To get their Bread, doe wrastle with their fate;
Or those who in superfluous riot flow
Soonest rebell: *Convulsions* in a state

Like those, which naturall Bodies doe oppress,
Rise from repletion, or from emptinesse.

While this rough Sea of People royles, and raves
With giddy *Ebbes* and *Tydes*: some 'winds began
'Like those dismis'd from the *Eolian* Caves)
I' exasperate this troubled Ocean.

This *Rabble* quickly with *Commanders* sped;
Ill *Humors* thus soone gather to a Head.

A prating Lawyer (one of those which Clowd
That Honour'd Science) did their conduct take:
He talk'd all *Law*, and the tumultuous crowd
Thought it had all beene *Gospel*, which he spake.

At length these fooles that *Common Error* saw,
A *Lawyer* on their side, but not the *Law*.

H 4

A *Blacksmith* next did in this tumult sweate,
To have this monster brought to light, which they
Bred in their Noddles; when *Joves* Braine was great
With *Pallas*; *Vulcan* did the midwife play.

The People thus did thinke a *Vulcan* fit,
To be the Midwife of their *Bare-whelp* wit.

They say this *Action* was but to defend
The *Pöbre* : and *Chastise* some about the King.
Justice, and *Mercie* blanch what they intend
With faire pretexts. Who on the Stage doe bring
Rebellion, must to Countenance the Fact,
Have *vertues* clothes wherein the *vice* must act.

When these two *Chieftes* as farre as *Wells* had gone,
They met Lord *Andly*, and transferre to him
Their *Place*, and *Pow'r* by Resignation;
As I have seene two little Bubbles swim
Vpon the Chrystall pavement of a Lake,
Then meete a third, and one great Bubble make.

Turbulent *Spirits* with the buzzing winde,
And aires of People are puff'd up, and blowne.
Popular *Andly* quickly was inclinde
To be their *Head*, although he lose his owne.
The discontents of Nobles often sleepe,
Till People wake them with the noyse they keepe.

From

roud of the Gallant change, they now obey
 Lord, and under a new conduct goe :
 And *Andly* was as vainely proud as they,
 To be their Leader, yet he was not so.
 In a just warre, he had their Leader bin,
 Here but their fellow, equalliz'd by sinne.

He indiscreetely led them into *Kent*
 Which *Henry* by those two great props of states
 Had lately fix'd, *Reward* and *Punishment*.
 There they might see their owne in others fates.
 Rebels on Jibbets hang'd, like *Crowes* to scare
 Such fowle from flocking, and allighting there.

But *Kent* was never conquer'd (sayd their storie.)
 The worse for them. *She*, who refus'd that Kings
 Should touch her, will she yeeld her mayden Glory
 To the Embraces of such worthlesse things ?
 As if a *Virgin*, which deny'd a *Crowne*,
 Would prostitute her *Honour* to a *Clowne*.

That *Kent* no succours to their ayde did bring,
 Possess'd them more with *choler*, than *affright*.
 They threaten to give Battaile to the King,
 And pillage trembling *London* in his sight;
 Being thus confirm'd they to *Black Heath* did goe,
 A name of *dread* and Character of *woe*.

The

The *Rebels* proud not to be met, expound
 That to be *Henries* feare, which was his plot:
 And what they did suppose his doubt, was found
 To be his resolution; he seem'd not

To note them, lest the noise the *game* should spoyle
 And Keepe the *Beast* from comming to the *Toyle*.

To have them farre from home, *Henry* thought best,
 From their owne ground they perish with more ease
 Which *Poets* have mysteriously exprest

In their *Anteus*; and their *Hercules*,
 Whose fight was equall till *Alcides* found
 This Stratagem, To take him from the ground.

He knew how soone such violence was wont
 To languish, and a diminution take:

Not to be fear'd, but in the first affront.

For Nature never did a compound make
 Of such a mixture, as a headles rabble,
 At once so weake, and yet so formidable.

Like to the *Blocke*, Iove cast into the Lake,
 To be the *King of Frogges*: which the fall
 Rending the waters, such a noyse did make
 At the first dash it terrifi'd them all.

The first affright pass'd over; not a *Frog*,
 But did insult; and leape upon the *Log*.

Saw their Snowball did not grow, but loose
 ouling : dayly waving in its might,
 In such Cases the best *Leaders* choose
Fabian wisdome, and deferre to fight.
 Here the designe is *hastned* by *delay*,
 And then goes forward, when it seemes to *stay*.

The *Rebels* perch'd neere *London* on a Hill,
 If to stoop more strongly on the prey,
Henry no more protracts the time, but will
 trust them in their ruin, that this stay
 Was but to *choose* his *time*, and make them know
 That his intendments were *advis'd*, not slow.

London to see a foe so neere her dore
 As strangely mov'd. Those who doe most possesse
 The most affray'd : desire of having more :
 As ever match'd with feare of having lesse.
 The *Palenesse* of the metall, which they owne,
 In the same *tincture* on themselves is shown.

The King perceiving where the *Cause* did lye
 Of their feares *making* *fit*, and *agucish* *swonne* :
 Himselfe for *Physicke* did himselfe apply
 Neere to the *side* of the astonish'd *Towne*.

Their Hearts left fainting, when they felt him there,
 He was a *Sovereigne Cure* against their feare.

Henry

Henry divides his forces into three
 (The number of Perfection;) Old Rome held
 This discipline, and order, nor did shee
 Fight without three Battalies in the field.

Like the three sister destinies they goe,
 To spin the fate, and ruine of the foe.

Th' Armie whereon both *Londons Hope* did lye,
 And this dayes Honour, and its Danger too.

Henry assign'd to trusty *Darbennie*,
 His Chamberlaine, who will the Citty doe

Th' Office he did the King: Henry doth deigne,
 To make his owne the Cittyes Chamberlaine.

These did the Foe affront: but he ordain'd
Oxford, and *Essex* should beyond them goe,
 T' enclose the Game: that, as that King maintein'd
 That Hunting like a kinde of warre did show,
 And image representing it: so here
 This warre a kinde of hunting did appeare.

Henry with force invincible did goe
 Assured to imparke this rascall Heard;
 Else had this course beene dangerous; for a foe
 If stop'd, gives greatest reason to be fear'd.
 You may from *Musicke* the resemblance take,
 Where every stop the note more sharpe doth make.

Despai

Henry the seventh.

109

*espaire of safety sharper spurs doth weare,
an hope of victory; there's not a man
who hopes no good, that any Ill will feare:
e that contemneth his owne being, can
Be Master of another mans, and he
That scornes himselfe, may triumph over thee.*

*London was now assured of the Day,
flying in the Fortune of these Three.
or mans condition's such to thinke, that they
who oft have conquer'd cannot conquer'd be.
Iove loves a Laurell, and his Thunder spates it
Nor it alone, but ev'n the Head that weares it.*

*ur eyes, and Hopes are on mens Fortunes bent:
Then Cesar did the mariner importune
to set to sea, He us'd this Argument,
how carri'd Cesar, and with him his fortune:
Not Cesars vertue, but his fortune must
Warrant a saylour in so great a gust.*

*at least the Citizens should stand in doubt,
For they are Creatures, that will hardly trust)
this securitie, King Henry brought
his armie to St Georges fields, which must,
If they have neede of better bondsmen yet
Their Armes, and Markes to the assurance set.*

The

The History of

The King gave out he would not fight that day :
 That he the Rebels in suspense might hold
 And *unobserv'd* their strength might disarray.
 Like to the *Norway* ayre, whose thrilling cold
 With such a stealth doth through the bodie run,
 Men-feele not their *undoing* 'till *unden*.

And yet he fought that day, that Day was *His* :
 As *Tuesday* once in the affection swaid
 Of Royall *James*, and his grave reason this,
 As the *same Day* the treasons were bewraid:
 So, both the Plots from the *same Author* came,
 And th' *Author* of his safetie was the *same*.

Damboy at the declining of the Day,
 (Which was their fortunes *declination* too.)
 At *Detford* bridge disordered their array
 And taught what reason, against rage could do.
 He beate them from that standing to a Ferrie;
 And made the change the *bridge* for *Charens wherry*.

There he did winde his valour to th' extreame,
 (*Men belie ventue to a meane*;) and 'though
 Imcompatible qualities they seeme,
 He did a *Generals* part, and *souldiers* show
 A *souldiers Grammar* will not be compleat,
 'Till *Captaines Rules*, and their *Examples* meet.

But

Henry the Seventh.

III

at fighting hotly, (which I will not call
an *inconsideratnesse*, but forward *zeale*)
Dambney captivd into their hands did fall,
but was redeemd before they well could feele
They had him there : no sooner *tooke*, but *wist*,
As if they had graspd lightning in their fist.

hen Oxford like his ownē *Artillery*
hot himselfe through them : had this worthy plaid
uch straines of valour in *Romes* Infancy
Which *canonis'd* great worths ; she had not staid
For's *Death*, as her strict orders did provide,
He had beene deified before he *di'd*.

Essex by Active proofes evinc'd so well
constant spirit : that had he beene there
When the whole breed of *Giants* did rebell
gainst the *gods*, and made the gods for feare
Assume new shapes, that they might lye unknowne;
Essex had scorned any but his *owne*.

he Rebels now feares *Antimaske* begin
their sinews first like trembling Lute strings shooke :
ut when the spirits were retreated in
hey stood insensate statues, strange to looke
Vpon so many *Images*, when feare
Was th' only *Statuary* that was there.

In

In Horror some deploring their mistake,
 Wishd themselves *underground*, and digging *Tin* :
 Not all the *Terriers* under Heav'n would make
 These *Foxes* stirre, if they were *Earth'd* agin.
 They had turnd *Sadduces*, and would gaine say
 A *Resurrection* with more zeale than they.

The *Leaders* first did yeeld : it seemes their men
 Would out of *manners* give their *bettters* place,
 And let their *Captaines* render first ; but then
 Like to good *Soldiers* thinke it no disgrace
 To yeeld : nay if their *Captaines* run away,
 They hold it breach of discipline to stay.

Henry was once incensed : but while he
 Was thinking of *Revenge*, they of *Despaire* :
 Milde *Clemencie*, *Joves* eldest Child, for shee
 Made *Peace* in the first *Chaos*, cuts the aire ;
 And for a while forsooke her spangled *Throne*,
 Which *Love* hath seated in the *temperate Zone*.

Over their *steele* with *silver* wings she plaid
 'Till she had fastned her enquiring eyes
 On *Henry* : and his fierce intendment staid
 Which meant to make them but one *Sacrifice*.
 And thus she spoke, having first fand his brow
 With th' *Emblem* of her selfe an *Olive Bough*.

Son

Henry the seventh.

113

None of my *Hopes*, to spare these *men* incline,
 And in these *men* thy selfe: for every blow,
 Thy sword shall make, is by reflexion thine,
 They are thy limmes, thou sufferest in their woes.
 That which I aske is but a slender boone,
 Shew mercy to thy selfe, and I have done.

Dead members should be lanc'd unto the quicke
 grant: and these are cut, as much as neede;
 But the whole Body of the state is sicke.
 Suppose; must therefore all the members bleed,
 In naturall Bodies open but one veine,
 You bring them to their temperature againe.

Hot Heart alone makes a Chiefe fit for warres;
 He must have Bowels too. Antiquitie
 Have not the Thunderbolt to Iron Mars;
 No Leaden Saturne, nor Quicke Mercury.
 Nor any other of the Seven above,
 But to the Kindly influence of Love.

Thy Example breakes th' insulting foes
 Pettities the Broken: the Aspiring Pine,
 And daring Cedar feels his flaming blowes;
 Not the Reedes which modestly decline.
 Shall not a King pittie the yeelding foe
 Which ev'n the King of Kings vouchsafes to doe.

I

The

The Princely Lyons their full anger try,
 When with a stubborne combatant they meet;
 But in a Noble bravery passe by
 The couching Prey which prostrates at their feet.
 And shall a *King* tread on the humbled foe,
 Which ev'n the *King of Beasts* disdaines to doe?

That *Oyle* powrd on thy head (whose suppling touch
 Mercy denotes) teacheth Commiseration;
Curtane the sword, doth intimate as much,
 Carried before thee at thy Coronation.
 Which hath the Point rebated, to imply
 Your *Justice* wedded to your *Clemency*.

God, who hath sayd that *you are gods*, doth save
 By numbers: so may *Henry* now, and can
 Be like to God. Mans streightned *Arme* may have
 Pow'r of extent enough to *save a man*:
 But to preserve whole multitudes alive
 But *Gods*, and *Kings* have their prerogative.

Here your two *Roses* doe their Colours show,
 Both in their spreading bravery array'd.
 There the whole field distain'd with blood, as though
 The *Red of Lancaster* were there display'd.
 And they who yet survive are *Pale* with feare
 As if the *White of Yorks* were planted there.

Those

Henry the Seventh.

115

Those who are slain can be esteem'd no lesse
Than an oblation, who ventur'd *theirs*
To save the *Blood of those* : those who expresse
Repentance in an *Offering of teares*.

Heavens have not such a *Sacrifice* withstood,
Which thus consisted both of *teares and blood*.

When *Ment* was in *commotion*, I know,
Corr'sives did cure the *ulcers* of the state;
But should you use that *course of Physicke* now,
You might the *Patients* more exasperate.

So the same *simples*, as th' experienc'd finde,
Gather'd at severall times doe *purge or binde*.

If to be *great* not *good* were your intent
I have chalk'd out your way : 'twere a false aime.
If by the ruins of the slain you meant,
To raise the *Pile*, and *Structure* of your Fame.

They which survive will the best *Trophees* be,
And living statues of this victorie.

Her speech and *Henries choler* end together,
Who tooke this *second* for his *first* intent,
That none should dye but those wch lead them thither
And Heav'ns in this were *Henries Precedent*.

Which to those sinners easie *Pardons* grant,
Who sinne not out of *wantonnesse*, but want.

I 2

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The fine, and noble way to Kill a foe,
 Is not to kill him; you with kindnesse may
 So change him, that he shall cease to be so,
 And then be's slaine. *Sigismund* us'd to say
His Pardons put his foes to death; for when
 He mortified their hate, he kill'd them then.

Audley, who led them once, is led from thence,
 Having those *Armes* by his brave *Grandfires* worn
 (Because his *Armes* were turn'd against his Prince)
 Turn'd, and revers'd: and his *Coat armour* torne:
 Then he salutes a Scaffold, where one blow
 Strooke off the *Rebells head*, and *Audlies* too,

The *Cholericke Smith* and *Lawyer*, who did so
 Divide the members of the troubled state,
 In their owne members, were divided too.
 The *Smith* insulted in his noble fate;
 And on the *Hurdle* he did seeme to *Glory*,
 That after times should read him in a *Story*.

When one had set (in a *Satyricke* veine)
 The famous whores of *Spaige* upon a list;
 One of that tribe tooke it in high disdain,
 And vow'd revenge because her name was mist.
 What wilde attempts will vaine Ambition flye,
 To be Eterniz'd, though for infamie?

Amidst

Henry the seventh.

117

Amidst these stirres from *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
Came an *Embassador* : whom *Henry* wonne
To treat a peace with *Scotland*, but to feigne
Twas from his *Master*, not by *Henry* done.
Gospells of *Peace* were here his sweetest ayres,
But he would no *Epistles* use, nor pray'rs,

Then *reverend Fox* was in *Commission* joyn'd
With him, who would the *Scottish King* perswade,
That *Perkin* might to *Henry* be consign'd,
Which with the King but small impression made.
For so he should his former faith denie,
Which would be thought *Civill Apostacie*.

And yet King *James*, did privately recant :
For calling him, he did advise him choose
Some fitter seate : yet still did *Perkin* vaunt,
And nothing of his haughty spirit loose.
But from the Court undauntedly depart,
Left of his hopes, and friends, but not his heart.

But his faire *Gordon* would not leave him there
But to *himselfe*, and to his *fortunes* cleave :
Her *Kindred* she forsooke, and did adhere
T' a stranger. Thus a *Loadstone* will not leave
The *Kisses* of the *Irons* lov'd embrace,
Although a thousand *Loadstones* were in place.

I 3

Stand

This mutuall *entertrafficke* seemes a thing
Purpos'd by Nature. Isles (which in the sea
 Are set like *stones* within a *Chrystall Ring*)
 Nature hath not so farre remov'd, but we
 May from some part, some other land descry,
 To minde us of this Sociable tye.

Trading confirm'd; he calls a *Parliament*,
 And shewes that war with *Scotland* must be made:
 Though he conceal'd his inference, they sent
 His *Logicke* was, as if he should have sayd
 If warre then Coine: when he his *medium* drew
 From warre, they easily his *Conclusion* knew.

With sixscore thousand pounds the subjects prove
 They took his meaning right. In one we read,
 His warres were a strange *Ore*, Iron above
 And Gold below: 'twas a strange *Ore* indeed;
 For *Naturalists* observe, that in the ground
 Where Iron is, there's no rich metall found.

The Kings Collectours at *S. Michaels Mount*
 Met with a Cruell rub: for while they strive
 To bring the stubborn *Cornish* to account,
 Those People (buried in their *Mines* alive)
 Mistaking it for *Doomesday*, did begin
 To Rise out of their *Septichers* of Tin.

These

Henry the Seventh.

102

These Pioners (as if they ow'd their Birth
To the Earth matrix) crept out of the Ground :
And like the *Giants* the old sonnes of Earth
Against the gods doe an *Alarm* sound.
To undermine had beene their trade of late,
And so 'tis still; but not the ground but state.

Want made them murmur: for the People, who
To get their Bread, doe wrangle with their fate :
Or those who in superfluous riot flow
Soonest rebell : *Convulsions* in a state
Like those, which naturall Bodies doe oppress,
Rise from repletion, or from emptinesse.

While this rough Sea of People royles, and raves
With giddy *Ebbes* and *Tydes* : some winds began
(Like those dismiss'd from the *Eolian* Caves)
T' exasperate this troubled Ocean.
This *Rabble* quickly with *Commanders* sped;
Ill *Humors* thus soone gather to a Head.

A prating Lawyer (one of those which Clowd
That Honour'd Science) did their conduct take:
He talk'd all *Law*, and the tumultuous crowd
Thought it had all beene *Gospel*, which he spake.
At length these fooles that *Common Error* saw,
A *Lawyer* on their side, but not the *Law*.

H 4

A *Blacksmith* next did in this tumult sweate,
To have this monster brought to light, which they
Bred in their Noddles; when *Ioves* Braine was great
With *Pallas*; *Vulcan* did the midwife play.

The People thus did thinke a *Vulcan* fit,
To be the Midwife of their *Bare-whelp* wit.

They say this *Action* was but to defend
The *Poore*: and *Chastise* some about the King.
Iustice, and *Mercie* blanch what they intend
With faire pretexts. Who on the Stage doe bring
Rebellion, must to Countenance the Fact,
Have *vertues* clothes wherein the *vice* must act.

When these two *Chiefes* as farre as *Wells* had gone,
They met Lord *Andly*, and transferre to him
Their *Place*, and *Pow'r* by Resignation;
As I have seene two little Bubbles swim
Vpon the *Chrystall* pavement of a Lake,
Then meete a third, and one great Bubble make.

Turbulent *Spirits* with the buzzing winde,
And aires of People are puff'd up, and blowne.
Popular *Andly* quickly was inclinde
To be their *Head*, although he lose his owne.
The discontents of Nobles often sleepe,
Till People wake them with the noyse they keepe.
Hroud

Henry the seventh.

105

Proud of the Gallant change, they now obey
A Lord, and under a new conduct goe :
And Andly was as vainely proud as they,
To be their Leader, yet he was not so.
In a just warre, he had their Leader bin,
Here but their fellow, equalliz'd by sinne.

He undiscreetely led them into Kent
Which Henry by those two great props of states
Had lately fix'd, Reward and Punishment.
There they might see their owne in others fates.
Rebells on Jibbets hang'd, like Crows to scare
Such fowle from flocking, and allighting there.

But Kent was never conquer'd (sayd their storie.)
The worse for them. She, who refus'd that Kings
Should touch her, will she yeeld her mayden Glory
To the Embraces of such worthlesse things?
As if a Virgin, which deny'd a Crowne,
Would prostitute her Honour to a Clowne.

That Kent no succours to their ayde did bring,
Possess'd them more with choler, than affright.
They threaten to give Battaile to the King,
And pillage trembling London in his sight;
Being thus confirm'd they to Black Heath did goe,
A name of dread and Character of woe.

The

The *Rebels* proud not to be met, expound
 That to be *Henries* feare, which was his plot:
 And what they did suppose his doubt, was found
 To be his resolution; he seem'd not

To note them, lest the noise the *game* should spoyle
 And Keepe the *Beast* from comming to the *Toyle*.

To have them farre from home, *Henry* thought best,
 From their owne ground they perish with more ease;
 Which *Poets* have mysteriously exprest

In their *Anteus*; and their *Hercules*;

Whose fight was equall till *Alcides* found
 This Stratagem, To take him from the ground.

He knew how soone such violence was wont
 To languish, and a diminution take:

Not to be fear'd, but in the first affront.

For Nature never did a compound make

Of such a mixture, as a headles rabble,

At once so weake, and yet so formidable.

Like to the *Blocke*, Iove cast into the Lake,
 To be the *King of Frogges*: which the fall
 Rending the waters, such a noyse did make
 At the first dash it terrifi'd them all.

The first affright pass'd over; not a *Frog*,

But did insult; and leape upon the *Log*.

He

le saw their Snowball did not grow, but loose
 a rouling : dayly waving in its might,
 And in such Cases the best *Leaders* choose
 the *Fabian* wisdome, and deferre to fight.

Here the designe is *hastned* by *delay*,
 And then goes forward, when it seemes to *stay*.

The *Rebels* perch'd neere *London* on a Hill,
 as if to stoop more strongly on the prey,
 Henry no more protracts the time, but will
 instruct them in their ruin, that this stay

Was but to *choose* his *time*, and make them know
 That his intendments were *advis'd*, not slow.

London to see a foe so neere her dore
 Was strangely mov'd. Those who doe most possesse
 are most affray'd : desire of having more :
 Was ever match'd with feare of having lesse.

The *Palenesse* of the metall, which they owne,
 In the same *tincture* on themselves is showne.

The King perceiving where the *Cause* did lye
 Of their feares *shaking* *his*, and *agueish* *swaine* :
 Himselfe for *Physicke* did himselfe apply
 Neere to the *side* of the astonish'd *Towne*.

Their Hearts left fainting, when they felt him there,
 He was a *Sovereigne Cure* against their feare.

Henry

Henry divides his forces into three
 (The number of Perfection;) Old Rome held
 This discipline, and order, nor did shee
 Fight without three Battalies in the field.

Like the three sister destinies they goe,
 To spin the fate, and ruine of the foe.

Th' Armie whereon both Londons Hope did lye,
 And this dayes Honour, and its Danger too.

Henry assign'd to trusty Dawbenie,

His Chamberlaine, who will the Cittie doe

Th' Office he did the King: Henry doth deigne,
 To make his owne the Citties Chamberlaine.

These did the Foe affront: but he ordain'd
 Oxford, and Essex should beyond them goe,
 T' enclose the Game: that, as that King maintein'd,
 That Hunting like a kinde of warre did show,
 And image representing it: so here
 This warre a kinde of hunting did appeare.

Henry with force invincible did goe
 Assured to imparke this rascall Heard;
 Else had this course beene dangerous; for a foe
 If stop'd, gives greatest reason to be fear'd.

You may from Musicke the resemblance take,
 Where every stop the note more sharpe doth make.

Despair

Henry the seventh.

109

Despaire of safety sharper spurs doth weare,
Than hope of victory; there's not a man
Who hopes no good, that any Ill will feare:
He that contemneth his owne being, can
Be Master of another mans, and he
That scorneth himselfe, may triumph over thee.

London was now assured of the Day,
Affying in the Fortane of these Three.
For mans condition's such to thinke, that they
Who oft have conquer'd cannot conquer'd be.
Love loves a Laurell, and his Thunder spates it
Nor it alone, but ev'n the Head that weares it.

Our eyes, and Hopes are on mens Fortunes bent:
When Cesar did the mariner importune
To set to sea, He us'd this Argument,
Thou carri'st Cesar, and with him his fortune:
Not Cesars vertue, but his fortune must
Warrant a saylour in so great a gust.

But least the Citizens should stand in doubt,
For they are Creatures, that will hardly trust)
Of this securitie, King Henry brought
His armie to St. Georges fields, which must,
If they have neede of better bondsmen yet
Their Armes, and Markes to the assurance set.

The

The History of

The King gave out he would not fight that day :
 That he the Rebels in suspense might hold
 And *unobserv'd* their strength might disarray.
 Like to the *Norwey* ayre, whose thrilling cold
 With such a stealth doth through the bodie run,
 Men feele not their *undoing* 'till *unden*.

And yet he fought that day, that Day was *His* :
 As *Tuesday* once in the affection swaid
 Of Royall *James*, and his grave reason this,
 As the *same Day* the treasons were bewraide
 So, both the Plots from the *same Author* came,
 And th' *Author* of his safetic was the *same*.

Damboy at the declining of the Day,
 (Which was their fortunes declination too.)
 At *Desford* bridge disordered their array
 And taught what reason, against rage could do.
 He beate them from that standing to a Ferrie;
 And made the change the bridge for *Charons wherry*.

There he did winde his valour to th' extreame,
 (*Men belie ventue to a meane*;) and 'though
 Incompatible qualities they seeme,
 He did a *Generals* part, and *souldiers* show
 A souldiers *Grammar* will not be compleat,
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Some fitter seate : yet still did *Perkin* vaunt,
And nothing of his haughty spirit loose.
But from the Court undauntedly depart,
Left of his hopes, and friends, but not his heart:

But his faire *Gordon* would not leave him there
But to *himselfe*, and to his *fortunes* cleave :
Her *Kindred* she forsooke, and did adhere
T a *stranger*. Thus a *Loadstone* will not leave
The *Kisses* of the *Irons* lov'd embrace,
Although a thousand *Loadstones* were in place!

I 3

Stand

Stand up thou wonder of thy Sex, and Times,
 If I at first had invocated thee,
 To be th' *assistant Goddess* of these Rimes;
 This they had borrow'd from thy *constancy*;

That all would in a constant Tenour flow,
 And had one verse beene good, all had beene so.

Once more the *Cornish* murmur, and begin
 Lewdly to construe *Henries* Clemencie.

'Twas the whole Kingdomes Case that they were in,
 And therefore pardon'd by necessitie.

That *Henry* did so many *Cornish* spare,
 They thanke not *Henries* love, but *Henries* feare.

The *Florentine* deliver'd this Position :

When people thinke their Princes courtesie
 Is not derived from his disposition,
 But from constraint, or some State secrecie.

The Grace is valu'd at a slender rate,
 And more endangers than secures a State.

When desperate villaines ill successe have had,
 (Who rather had be guilty of the fact
Atcheived, than *attempted*) they will adde
 A higher, and a more nefarious act.

As when a stone-bow shootes too high, we will,
 To set the *Bow*, let the *Bead* higher still.

They

Henry the Seventh.

119

hey soone to Ireland did for *Perkin* send,
Who with his Councell canvassing the Case,
their fond imaginations apprehend,
That was the Time, and *Cornemall* was the Place.
Dispute not, if his Councillours were able
Who from their shop-bords clim'd a Counsellable.

In the first place a *Scriv'ner* (*Be it knowne*
to all men) *Perkins* quarrell undertooke;
A *Mercer* then, late from a shop-bord flowne,
Where he had beene condemned by his Booke.
To these a *Taylor* joyn'd, as if he meant
To mend his owne with the whole Kingdomes Rent,

With sixscore men he did in *Cornemall* Land,
Then did to *Bodmin* goe the *Black-Smiths* towne,
Where without Proclamation, or command
His *Kingship* did encounter many a clowne.
The *Black-Smiths* Cinders, which were kept in store,
Might make a worle combustion than before.

But *Perkin* now a higher flight will fore :
He thinkes a *Diadem* fit for his brow.
He that was *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* before,
Calls himselfe *Richard* King of *England* now.
Thus *Perkin* did his former signe pull downe,
And for the *Rose*, set up the *Rose* and *Crowne*.

I 4

These

He like a *dying Taper* would expire,
 Which at the *End*, as if the *End* it knew;
 Musters together the surviving fire,
 As if it would its languish'd flames renew.
 Then *blazeth* forth a *Gallant flash* of light,
 Then is *extinct*, and lost in its *owne night*.

These Rebels in their madnesse had some wit,
 And *Policy*, which had a smacke of Braine:
 They doe advise him some good Towne to get,
 Where, as in *Garrison* they might remaine,
 Or if in *Bataile* they in field were beate,
 To have some *refuge*, whether to retreat.

Besides in gaine a pow'r attractive rests
 To call men to it: should they once but taste
 The pillage of a Citty, troopes of *guests*
 Would *without bidding*, to the *banquet* haste.
 All *swoope* at gaine: and if the *Lure* shall faile,
 A *Pidgeon* with a *Haggard* will prevaile.

Faire *Excester* fit *Rendez-vous* is thought;
 But vainely, for nor battering peeeces were,
 Nor other Ingens to the Citty brought;
 And 'fore they starv'd them, *Henry* would be there,
 To coole their stomackes, that they should not serve
 To stay so long till *Excester* should sterve.

For

Henry the seventh.

121

r want of Cannon they did wildly cry,
and make the fields with barbarous shouts resound,
if those hideous roarings should supply
the *Instruments* of warre. 'Tis not the sound
Of *voyses*, but of *instruments* must make
A Citty dance, and her foundation shake.

oth for a needfull, and a brave defence
the *Excessrians* wisely did themselves prepare,
to keepe such hungry Customers from thence,
men like to prove bad chapmen for their ware.
Who taking all, might make a riddle just
Paying for none, none giv'n, and none on trust.

and as their danger did collect their strength
into it selfe; so did their *spirits* dilate,
in Hope that *Henry* would arrive at length
Whose looke that *fiction* would annihilate.

With him a *King*, what will false *Richard* doe
Who but an *Earle* a true one did o're throw?

What gave them courage, made the foe *agast* :
(The hope of *Henry*;) for when he comes in
Perkin must off; and therefore must make hast,
Not quickly win, or not at all to win
Did *Perkin* with an equall danger strike :
Slow victory, and ruine was alike.

Defective

Defective in the *instruments* of fire
 He made the fire his *Instrument* : and set
 Fire to a gate : the Citizens conspire
 To do the like : so flames with flames were met.
 Crosse to that moldie *tenet*, which denies
Cures can be taken but from *Contraries*.

Henry came thether, soone as he did heare
 That King of Rakehels roeing in the West.
 (Twas Perkins west indeed for he set there.)
 Towards whose end, all were in Armes addrest.
 Let Greatnesse feigned, or true decline in state,
 'Tis the worlds garbe t' accelerate her fate.

The Cornish soone did yeeld, (whom Henry tooke
 To mercy on submission :) for their Head,
 And Leader Perkin had them all forsooke,
 And wisely to a *Sanctuary* fled.
 Where he was safe, as if the place had bin
 A shrine for vice, and priviledge for sin.

Crimes as if *Sacred* to some God, were kept,
 And Patronizd with the Religious care
 Of *Sanctuary* : had a villane crept
 Within those wals, he was protected there.
 But while their Pow'r such Parracids releeves,
 The House of Pray'r is made a Den of Thieves.

How

Henry the Seventh.

123

Henry too tender of the Priviledge
Of Sanctuary, would not draw him thence,
Although advis'd by's Conncell, who alledge
No place could guard his person, or offence;
And Canonists deny, this Grace to those
Who are their Princes, and their Countreys foes,

Cities of Refuge anciently were meant
For such Offenders, whom they guilty knew
Of the thing done, but guiltlesse of th' intent;
They help'd not others: and Benajah slew
The valiant *Isab* by the Kings command,
Even when he touch'd the Altar with his hand.

Henry to those enclind, who did advise
To win him thence; that he might solve the doubt,
And sound the depth of his conspiracies.
Promise of life entic'd the Juggler out;
Who like a *Hokus-Pokus* soone was won
To shew the King how all his tricks were done,

Perkin to London did attend the King:
Contempt, and wonder *Perkin* did attend;
Who, as his life had beene no other thing
But juggling, like a *Jugglers* trickes doth end.
Which is of all admired, when unknowne,
But every Boy will slight it, when 'tis shewne.

As

As for deare *Katherine* in his love enthrald,
 She had more pitty, than himselfe had scorn;
 And truly was the dainty *white-Rose* cald,
 The Title *falsely* by her husband worne.

So faire, that had you *Beauties Picture* tooke,
 It must like *her*, or not like *Beautie* looke.

What a deepe wound did th' Arme of fortune give
 Vpon a flesh, so delicate as this,
 And soft as *Peace*, and *slumber*? did she live
 With him that writ the *metamorphasis*;
 She with a numming cold had turn'd *stone-dead*,
 And *Gordon*, had for *Niobe* beene read.

Calamity in *Homer* bare foote goes,
 Therefore encountring hard and *stubborne* men
 She makes a lesse impression of her woes,
 For she is barefoot, and treads lightly then.

But if with soft, and gentle soules she meet,
 She dares more boldly trample with her feet.

Hath *Pomp* a being 'tis so transitory?
 She's nothing now, that was even now a *Queen*;
 There is no *Present tense* in this worlds *Glorie*,
 Even when it is, it may be said to have beene.

This *Cressant's* waned, and this *Kashians wheate*,
 Resembling fortunes did her turnings feece,

Bu

Henry the seventh.

125

ut where her *Perkin* had deficient been
Henry supplied : *Perkin* but gave to her
the titles of a *Dutchesse*, and a *Queene*
ut Henry gave the *meanes* ; and did confer
Such an allowance. that no more was due
Vnto those titles, if they had beene true.

low the *Celestiall powers*. did ordaine
good effect from a bad accident,
Fray at *Norham* where some *Scotts* were slaine
brought on the match beyond the Frayes intent.
'Twas a brave match but a strange kind of wooing,
Where both the parties sought their owne undoing.

from ouglie *Discord* did faire *union* come,
So dainty *Beauties* have their being drew
from the darke horror of a *Negroes womb* :)
antiquity ne'r such a reason knew
To ratifie her *Axiom*, that *strife*
Gave all things *Being*, and all beings *life*.

These *Nations Concord*, thus deriv'd from *strife*
from stormie *wrath*, and boistrous *injurie* ;
in that *Goddesse* typified to life,
Who is the *Queene* of love and unity.
This *Venus* her Originall must have,
From a rough billow, and a rugged wave.

The

The History of

*The wayes of heav'n are Pathlesse : ther's no light
 To trace, or prick them : all those Counsels lye
 Under the Privy-Scale of depth, and night
 That boundlesse Armes will worke by contrary.
 And when that Oculist his skill will try
 Eve'n Clay shall be Colyrium for an eye.*

King *James* incensed that no orders are
 Tooke by the wardens : by his passion driv'n
 Dispatchd a Herauld to denounce a warre,
 If present satisfaction were not giv'n.

Henry was all for peace : for with the *Scott*
 The warres were barren, and he lov'd them not.

Therefore *Grave Durban*, who was most engag'd ;
 (They were his men that did this quarrell make)
 Writes to the King of *Scotland* thus enragd ;
 But no smooth lines this angrie *Mars* can take.

Letters from *Venus* would have faild in this,
 Sent by a Dove, and sealed with a Kisse.

Not thus prevailing, he in Person went,
 (But *Henry* first his businesse approves.)
 And was his letters fuller supplement :
 For *viva vox*, not the dead letter moves.

When he Preachd Peace, King *James* to peace did bow
 And's Gospels, not Epistles did allow.

The

Henry the Seventh.

127

he King saw farther than the *Bishop* could,
He told him, that *his Match* with *England* might
his Knot of Peace inviolable hold ;
Princes thoughts fore above *humane* flight.
Ther's not a *King*, but is in this like *Saul*,
For by the head, he's higher than them all,

'Twas an indubiare Oracle he spake :
divining, that this matrimoniall tye,
The great *Conjunction* of both *Realmes* would make,
and that a Peace, as fixd as destinie ;
A greater truth nor *Priest*, nor *Sibyll* gave
From *Delphian Tripod*, or *Prophetick Cave*.

That age the marriage saw, and we in it
The great effect, a peace inviolate :
and since the *dislocated* realmes are knit,
it will the *junction* more consolidate.
Thus in a *bone* cure but the *fracture* right,
Those parts of all most solidly unite.

About this time *our world* began to thinke
of a *New world* : 'twas an *Italian Head*,
where this imagination first did sinck,
that other *Lands* might be discovered.
As *Blith Democritus* of old had done
In his assertion of more worlds than one.

Ev'g

Ev'n when the world had left to Hope for more,
 And like the *Three-Night Giant* set a marke,
 And *non plus ultra*, not to be pass'd o're :
Columbus like the *Dove* sent from the *Arke*
 With wing-like Sailes by unknowne waters past,
 Till he found footing for himselfe at last.

The furious *Youth* of *Macedon* was sad
 That one poore world should bound his victories :
 But had *Columbus* lived then, he had
 So plagu'd the *Gallant* with discoveries,
 That he had forc'd him to confesse, that store
 Did worse torment him now than want before.

The Prophecie of *Seneca* did make
 Small way to this discou'rie : it exprest
 Rather a flash of Poetry; and spake
 Of Islands in the *North*, not in the *West*.
 It sayd, that *Tibule* should no longer be
 The boundure of the *Roman Monarchie*,

This *Probability* more than the rest
 Mov'd Him : for since but halfe of the degrees
 Of *longitude* were knowne toward the *West*,
 He could not thinke, the other halfe was Seas,
 And that the *Sunne* did nought for halfe his race
 But gild the waves, and there behold his face.

For

Henry the seventh.

129

For this *discovery* he did obtaine
The use of three small *Barkes* from *Ferdinand*;
And sayling forty Dayes upon the Maine,
From the *Canaries West* discover'd land.
Then the ships seem'd to daunce, and sailes unfurl'd
Swel'd not with *winde*, but *pride* for the *New-world*.

With poyson'd breath the *Spanish* pride would blaste
This glorious act. For *Envie* doth invade
Workes breathing to *Eternitie*, and cast
Vpon the fairest peece the greatest shade.
By petty *starres* her blacke infection skippes:
They're *Sunnes*, and *Moones* that suffer her *Eclipse*.

Nor be alone; but even that *Age* shall want
The glory of it: since no *Spaniard* did
Find it, a *Roman* shall: and hence they want
Some of *Augustus* coyne was there found hid.
Th' *Historian*, and *mintmaster* did conjoyne
To coyne this story, and to forge this coyne.

For can it be that in *Augustus* time,
When *Peace*, and *learning* strove with equal *Glory*,
And *Arts* were in their flourish, and their prime,
This thing should not be register'd in story?
To leave so brave an action unwrit,
Argues both want of *gratitude* and *wit*.

K

Rathē

Rather the *Knight* fam'd in the *Welch* records
 Shall have my *Vote*: for in those *Parts* there were
 At their discov'rie found some *Brittish* words,
 Good monuments that they had once beene there.

Henry may seeme entitled to the ground,
 As by his *Countreyman*, and subject found.

But the *Acquisit* was for *Castile* mark'd downe
 By destiny: which with the *Golden East*,
 Did at the first compose the *Catholick* crowne,
 And now hath gilt it with the *Golden West*.

And now the starres in his *Dominions* have
 Their rise, and set, their *Cradle*, and their *Grave*.

Yet *Henry* had a tender of these lands,
 Which he embrac'd not; for it did not come
 In a fit time to one, whose head, and hands
 Had their just taske of businesse at *Homes*
Perkin that *Little World*, did lately try,
 The strength of *Henries* best discovery.

And tries it yet: for *Perkin* hath contriv'd
 His freedome; but is quickly had in chafe
 To keepe him from the sea; yet he arriv'd
 At th' *Holy Island* of a *Priviledge* place,
 And did unto the house of *Bethlem* flye,
 In *Bethlem* then an *Antichrist* did lye.

The

Henry the Seventh.

131

The Promise of his life, (which was the baite
That drew him out before) drew him out now :
Some about *Henry*, would have hang'd him strait,
But *Henries* disposition could not bow,
To hate a worme; for *spirits* highly borne,
Did never joyne their anger to their scorne.

All that his stomacke suffer'd him to say,
Was, take the *Knave*, and put him in the stocks;
His heeles were justly punished, for they
Help'd his flight most: where having heard their mocks
And made a *Spectacle*, they did him carry,
Vnto the *Tow'r*, a fitter *Sanctuary*.

Lodg'd there, his Keepers he attempts to win;
Who scorning his contemned state to Eye:
He plots to worke the Earle of *Warwicke* in
To share the fate of his *conspiracie*.
It is *hells* Art an innocent to make
Partake in Sinne, in suffering to partake.

Wearie of life *Warwicke* the Plot embrac'd,
And ventur'd death to flye the feare of it.
Thus did the *Tunnie*, by a *Dolphin* chas'd,
Into a boate, with greater danger get.
He could no longer Deaths expectance beare,
For death is lesse than deaths continuall feare.

K 2

The

The Hidden Pow'rs of Heav'n! they make, and bend
 Those *Councils*, that a *mischiefe* should divert,
 Fit to *advance* it; when the fates intend
 To ruine us, our judgements they pervert,
 And adde this greater plague, to make us thought
 The *cause*, which on our selves the mischiefe brought.

Soone *Warwicke* turn'd, soone turn'd the *Keepers* too;
 He was the *spring* whence they their *motions* tooke;
 His *Fortunes* did, what *Perkins* could not doe,
 For *Perkin* had no baite upon his hooke:
Nero had nets of *Gold*: had *Perkin* one,
Perkin had caught them, though he fish'd alone.

These fellowes, the *Leisetenants* men conspire
 To Kill their *Lord*, and *them* their freedome give,
 Rewar'd but hop'd for did these villaines hire
 To sell his life, by whom themselves did live.

Money and *Men* a mutuall *falsehood* show,
 Men make *false* money, money makes men so.

But though their *Project* was in darkenesse seald,
 Yet *he*, who made the *Light* from *darkenesse* come,
 Sayd but his *Fiat Lux*, and 'twas reveal'd;
 And 'tis maintein'd impossible by some,
 That any plot can undiscover'd lye,
 With more than *four*e in the *Conspiracy*.

Perkin

Henry the seventh.

133

Perkin who twice before had life obtēind
By *Henries* Pardon, nor could justly hope
The Mercy of another, was arraign'd
To have his *thred* of life end in a Rope.

You may the *Ladder* a true *Emblem* call
Of his *false* honours; which he *clim'd*, to *fall*.

Thus he his fortunes giddinesse did feele,
For had not fortune turned, man would doubt
She were the Lady Regent, who did wheele
The *Actions* of *Mortality* about.

And some unsetteld Head would draw from thence
An argument to question Providence.

At *Tow'r hill* next the *Earle* of *Warwicke* fell,
(With false *Plantagenet* a true one dyes)
The reason for't in state I neede not tell,
That object's not proportion'd with my eyes
To looke upon: and he that *argueth* least
In the affaires of Kings concludeth best.

If that were true, which some of old profest,
That vicious *Soules* fled hence themselves did rouse,
And winde into the *Body* of some *beast*
Which they resembled here: then *Perkins* soule,
That could so *imitate*, and take a shape,
Is playing somewhere in a *Jugglers* *Ape*.

K 3

But

The History of

But if the *Nobler Soules*, as they maintein'd,
 Were fixed in the Body of some starre
 Where, in a constant motion they reign'd;
 Then *Edwards* murder'd sonnes, and *Warwicks* are,
 In those call'd *Delta* of *Triangle* fashion,
 And there lend *vertue* to that *Constellation*.

Such *Envie* fell on *Henry* for the fact,
 That though he ever was observ'd to stand
 And dare it to th' incounter, yet this act
 He was content to lay on *Ferdinand*;
 Tir'd with its weight, like *Atlas*, he was faine,
 To put it on the *Hercules* of *Spaine*.

Letters were shewne from thence, wherein was read
 This doubt: his daughters heires might misse the crown
 If *Warwicke* liv'd: 'twas that tooke *Warwicks* head.
 For which the Lady afterward made knowne
 Her feare, that *Heav'n* would not the marriage blisse
 Because 'twas made in blood, and she meant this.

This yeare a Jubile at *Rome* did take
 Some *Englisb* purses: but the *Pope* pretends
 A Holy warre in *Palestine*, to make
 The People free by such religious ends.
 Sacred pretext's he knew the purse would drain,
 Thus in an ill sense, *Godlinesse* is gaine.

But

Henry the Seventh.

135

But now our *Doctours Chaires* will not allow
Warres for religion: for the *Conscience*
Is immateriall, and disdeignes to bow
Vnto the bent of *Corp'rall violence*.
'Tis built too strong, and high: none can invade it;
Nor lead it *Captive*, but the hand that made it.

And force is vaine, for it *advanceth* higher
The *Cause* it would oppresse. The *Martyres* blood
Made such *conceptions* in the pregnant fire,
It brought forth *Converts* in a numerous brood.
And the ten *persecutions* did as much,
As ten *Commandements* to make them such.

Pitty from *Love*; love doth from *pitty* spring.
And such a mutuall combination hold;
That when the sad *spectatours* in a Ring,
With *wonder*, and *Compassion* doe behold
Those fixed spirits, which no torment awes:
They *pitty* first, and then they *love* the *Cause*.

That was a merry *Turke* who when a warre
Was by the *Pope* denounc'd, this answer made;
We *Turkes*, as you *Italians* say you are,
Are sprung from *Troy*, then let us *Greece* invade.
And joyn'd in one the *Trojan* warres renew
With those who *Hector* our brave *Grandfere* slew.

K 4

He

He said that *Armes* were an improper way
 To spread a faith : (nor doth the *Signeur* take
 Th' assistance of compulsion at this day,
 Which doth more *Hypocrites*, than *Converts* make :).
 So scoffd at our *Religion*, and our *Laws*,
 That built a war on so absurd a Cause.

But 'though *Religion* will not make a war
 Legitimate against this *Infidell* :
 Yet there be *motives* which sufficient are
 To rouse us 'gainst this race of *Ismael* :
 Or else the truth of *Prophecie* might fall ;
All hands 'gainst his, his hands against them all.

Th' *enslaved Christians* tir'd with whippes, and feares
 Command us to compassionate their grones :
 The *chained slaves*, whole pittying Oares drop teares
 Sollicit free'dome with such ruthfull Tones,
 That heard, there would more *Voluntaries* come
 Vnto that Call than a Commanders Drum.

How many sacred *Oratories* burnd
 By the mad zeale of the *Mahumetan* ?
 How many *Temples* to *Moskettoes* turnd
 Prophaned by their impious *Alcoran* ?
 It is the *Diavels* policy that where
 God hath his Church, his Chappell should he there.

God

Henry the seventh.

137

God did his *Law* first in *Arabia* write;
And there (this *Ape* of God) the *Divell* meant
By *Mahomet* his *Scripture* to endite.
With the *same Country* he was then content,
But now growne faucie, the *same wals* must be
Seezd by this *Rivall* of the *Deity*.

The world is summond to this glorious strife
By all those *Kings* out of their *Kingdomes* throwne :
And by the action to give *Iustice* life,
Which lies in this, *Give every one his owne*.
And spoile this gawdy *Iay*, who thus presumes,
Trimd in the *Pride* of his *usurped plumes*.

And since these *Scythians* in an impious vaunt
Vntemple *God*, and *Majestie* unthroned ;
The singularity of the *Act* will want
Both *precedent*, and *imitation*
To discompose this *Barbarous Pow'r*, which beates
Both *God*, and *Man* from their *Imperiall Seates*.

Nor is th' *Impresse* so difficult as then ;
Their *Conquests* have enlarg'd them to our doores :
We may more eas'ly now transport our men,
Than when they went to the far *Easterne* shores.
They have encroachd so neare, that we may choose
Surely to conquer, or as *surely* loose.

The

The *Ianizaries* bulwarks of that state,
 Are broke with idlenesse, and coud with vice :
 As if they purposed to anticipate
 The loote delights of their dream'd *Paradise*.
 They were the *winds* which sweld that *sea* so high,
 Now they *breath faintly*, and those waves will lie.

And seems not *Turkie* to approach her *Fate*,
 Having so many yeares no progresse made ?
 (A certaine note of ruine :) when a *State*
 Comes to its *Tropick*, then 'tis retrograde.
 When *Bodies* cease to grow, 'tis the presage
 Of a decline to their decrepit Age.

Cald to these warres *Henry* good will did show,
 To pay his money, that himselfe might stay :
 Yet (please the *Pope*) he would in *person* goe,
 If *Christian Princes* first their *discords* lay :
 For *Henry* knew, they had the causes beene,
 Why *Christian Armes* no good successe had scene.

While our first *Richard*, that same *Lion-heart*,
 His banners did in *Syria* advance,
 And with his Conquests made the *Sultan* start :
 King *Phillip* seizd on *Normandy* ; and *France*
 Forc'd him to lay that glorious action downe,
 And quit the *worlds affaires*, to save his owne.

But

Henry the Seventh.

139

But when another *Phillip* had espousd
The *quatrell*, and such preparations made,
That the *East* trembled : our third *Edward* rowld,
And claiming *France*, the expedition staid.

Thus *Emulation* foiles us ; and while we
Conquer our selves, the *Turks* triumphers be.

But at this time no *Holy* warre went on,
The *pence* for other use were kept in store :
For when the *Faire*, and *Jubile* were done,
The rattle of the war was heard no more.

When the *Deneirs* were paid, they understand,
They were for *Rome*, and for no *Holy-land*?

Our *Arthurs* nuptiall with *Spaines Katharine*
Succeedes this yeare of *Jubile* at *Rome* :
Which we deluded with our Hopes divine
Would be a yeare of *Jubile* at home.

Vaine man to Hopes, vaine as himselfe, will trust,
And *Dust* will build its confidence on dust.

Things with *slow strides* to their perfection grow,
Then they take *wings*, and to their period hast :
A *seav'n* yeares treaty made this marriage slow,
Whose joy with *Arthur* did not *seven months* last.

To the conjunction of the *Moone* and *Sun*
A *month's* requird, but in an *hou'r* 'tis done.

And

And *heav'n* it seemd, the *Marriage* would retard :
 The windes displeas'd her landing did oppose :
 Or *Sea-borne Venus* her arrivall bard,
 Who with a frowne wrinckling the waves arose
 And stopd the Bark, vext that her youthfull *Nun*
 Should tast of sweets, which should so soone be don.

Married at *Pauls* with state *celebrions*,
 The *Tryumphs* of the marriage did succede :
 He was *Arcturus*, she was *Hesperus*,
 And King *Alphonfus* did their fortunes reade,
 No story tels what his *predictions* were ;
 E But if for good : he, or the *stars* did erre :

For these two *Princes* in *November* met,
 And th' *April* following divorced are
 By the command of Death : *Arcturus* set,
 And had his even before his *evening-star*,
 His *Hesperus* ; who the new *sphære* did prove
 Of *Henries* armes, where she did longer move.

For compensation of this yeare, th' encrease
 Of *Triumphs* doe attend th' ensuing yeere :
 With *Brittaine*, 'tis the *Epocha* of *peace*,
 Her *peace* begins her computation there.
 Write all that yeare in *Red*, for it is all
 But as one *Holy-day*, and *Festivall*.

Mar

Henry the seventh.

141

Largeret, eldest daughter of the King
ing *James* to wife did by a *Proxie* take :
Which told by *Fame*, the *Bels* contend to ring
peale as lowd as *Fames*: and *Bon-fires* make
So great a *light* that if *heav'ns light* were don,
They might have made a *Day* without a *Sun*.

hen into *Scotland* did this new *Queene* goe
Whom a brave troope of Lords, and Ladies bring
in gallant order, and Majestick shew
to *Edenborough* to her spouse the King.
And there with all magnificence of state,
This glorious *Marriage* they did consummate.

A thousand little *Cupids* with their wings
Did blow their fires, and heighten their delights ;
And every *Grace* a flowrie present brings.
Then *Hymen*, president of marriage Rites,
Beckned for silence with his Torch of *Pine*
Used at Nuptials, and did thus divine;

My Torch turnes cleare, and with the pointed flame
Not dimme, nor winking, doth white houres foretell,
And if my skill be true, I see the same
Portended in the stars, by which I *spell*
Future events and fortunes, that are set
Downe in those lights, Heav'ns mystick Alphabet.

In

The History of

In them (*Faire Bridegroom, fairer Bride*) I read
This Marriage shall two hostile Realms attone,
Which must be married too : yours doth preceede
As *Introduction* to that greater one.

That marriage, as the *substance*, Heav'n points at,
Yours is the *figure*, and the *Type* of that.

Your *Marriage* is their *contract*, and inferres
Th' *espousals* of those *Kingdomes* : in your hands
The *Geny* of two nations hold out theirs,
Which shall hereafter consummate those bands.

But the *Solemnities* are kept by fate
For your *posterity* to celebrate.

It is a worke of Time : there cannot be
The *spring-time* in your Age, and *Harvest* too,
Your Age the *seeds*, the next the *blade* shall see,
A third the *Eare*. Thus *China* *Grandfires* doe
Bury their *Porcellan dishes* in the ground,
Whose profits but to their *sonnes heires* redound.

Both *Realms* a while with their own blood shall flow,
(*Alli'de* in blood before *alli'de* :) but th' *End*
Shall be a firmer love : for a *brave foe*,
If *reconciled*, makes the *bravest friend*.

All things from *strife* Originally rose,
And *discords* must this *harmony* compose.

Thus

Henry the Seventh.

143

Thus th' *Elements* did in the *Chaos* fight
When jarring *seedes* did in her *Matrix* lye.
When *cold* with *hot*, when *heavie* with the *light*,
Did combate with intestine mutinie.

Till on th' *Abyſſe* a *Spirit* did *display*,
His *brooding wings*, and arbitrate the fray.

Mars bath'd in blood shall on the borders ride,
With terrour in the *Van*, death in the *Reere*.
And in this quarrell fatall to decide
These realmes, with mutual cuts their breasts shall tear
As if they meant through those large wounds to see
Each others *hearts*, fore they would married be.

Yet shall this *Union* no debtour be
To *victory*, nor be a Conqu'rouns prize:
The *Authour* shall descend from you, and Hee,
That must unite this *Paire*, from you shall rise.
And that *Rich Pearle*, which doth the *Union* hight,
Shall be derived from this *Margarite*.

Your off-spring, a *Pacificke Prince* shall knit
This sacred bond, this true-love Knot shall tye.
Nest are *Peacemakers* shall be justly writ
His *Glorious Motto*: in whose *Monarchie*
Drummes shall be silenc'd, and alarums cease,
As at the Birth of the great *Prince of Peace*.

II

If the *impressions* of licentious rage,
 And marks of ancient enmitie remaine;
 They shall be *cancel'd*, and *effac'd* that age
 By the milde peace of his auspicious reigne.
 Nature no more her *prickles* shall disclose
 In *Scottish thistle*, or in *English Rose*.

Thus *Hymen* spake; this Heav'ns accomplish'd have,
 And with the *Sea*, as with a *Ring*, have Knit
 This *Royall paire*. Let *Venice* cease to brave,
 That she *contracts* the *Sea*, and marries it.
 Let her stand dumbe at this more glorious thing,
 What *there* is *marri'd*, *here* is but the *King*.

Nè're could the *Sea*, which doth about them flow,
 With her imbrace put them in minde of love.
 For her encircling *armes* did nothing doe,
 But make a *stage* whereon their *Armes* to prove.
 And two feirce realmes the *Gladiatours* were
 To combat in this *Amphitheater*.

Tis thought the *Policie* of *France* did breake
 Th' intended marriage of this froward paire;
 For if for *us* alone *France* were too weake,
 Th' united *Scots* would force her to despaire.
 Since th' *English Aspect* was alone so fear'd;
 At their *Conjunction* how had they beene fear'd?
 There

Henry the seventh.

145

Therefore when th' *English* did to *France* sayleor's
The *Scots* oblig'd by the *French* courtesies,
Made their incursions at the *Posterne* dore,
And stop'd the Current of our victories.

Which did the *Proverbe* make. He that would win
The Day of *France* with *Scotland* must begin.

When 'twixt *sixt Edward*, and the *Scottish* *Queen*,
The match was almost to conclusion brought :
I was broke by *France*, whose gifts did intervene.
Then was the field at *Mussell Borrough* fought;
Where *Mars* did quit the wrongs by *Venus* done,
And though the *Night* was lost, the *Day* was won.

At last Great *James* this *Vnion* contriv'd,
Whose *Royall blood* by lineall descent
Was from the Monarchs of both *Realmes* deriv'd,
He joynd this *Isle*, and in the *Parliament*,
Call'd it his *Wife* : the *Angells* *Peace* did sing,
When he espous'd her with *Astrea's* Ring.

Here is a *threefold Cord*, a *threefold Knot* ;
The *Saxons* *Heptarchie* was first combin'd,
Then *Wales* was added, then the valiant *Scot*,
This twist by *Mortalls* cannot be untwin'd.
And as the lippes of *Sacred truth* have spoke,
A *threefold Cord* cannot be easily broke.

L

My

My *Sovereigne* now; Heir of his fathers *Peace*,
 And great *Conformer* of it, doth defend
 Her *Rights*, which doe *increase* with his *increase*;
 Triumphs of *Peace* Trophies of warre transcend
 In *Glory*, and an *Olive* branch will raise
 A name as high, as a whole Grove of *Bays*.

Being now at *Peace*, Henry did weath' pursue;
 For soone as *Iron* was layd downe, he had
 Some thought on *Gold*: we but foure Ages knew
Gold, *Silver*, *Iron*, *Brasse*, till he did adde
 This *fift*, a *compound* different from either,
 His Age was *Gold*, and *Iron* mix'd together.

And as the *lower Orbes* are wheel'd about
 Rapt by the motion of the *Orbe above*:
 So were *Inferiour Agents* soone found out,
 Which mov'd, and turn'd, when he began to move.
 For 'tis observ'd, that *Princes* sooner get
 Men for their *humour*, than their *honour* fit.

Empson and *Dadly*, men of wide desires,
 Which could not be satisfi'd, or sham'd.
 The *Creatures* were, whose avaritious fires,
 Like *Hells*, could not or be extinct, or tam'd.
 Had they drunk *Tagus*, and *Pactolus* quaff
 Their *Golden streames* had beene too small a draught.
 Nay

Nay if they *owners* had, and *beires* become
 Of all the treasures, which interred lye,
 Where nature *toemes* the *burden* of her *wombe*
 Conceiv'd with *Sulphur* mix'd with *Mercury*,
 Even nature had growne barren, and her stuffe
 Beene all consum'd, yet they not sayd, *Enough*.

The *wisest* King in sacred leaves hath writ
 The *Horse-leach* hath two *daughters*, which doe cry,
Give, give, nor have enough: if she thought fit
 This longing Paire should not unmarried dye,
 Here is a Paire, which may their longing save,
 So they *two husbands*, she *two sonnes* may have.

Let darke *Antiquity* cease to avouch
 Her *Midas*, whom the angry *Gods* decreed
 Should with his fingers admirable *Touch*
 Turne all to *Gold*: for these men did indeed
 What he did but in *fition*, and were able
 To make that *Story* which was once but *Fable*.

These out of subtil malice, and not error
 Did wrest the *penall statutes* to their bent:
 And make that *Rigour*, which was meant but *Terror*,
 Pretense of law did colour their intent,
 And their oppression gild, as if they would
 Employ the *scales* of *Iustice* to weigh *Gold*.

The *sweete* of *Riches* did pervert the Law
To *Gall*, and wormewood, which their greedy mind
Did with *Gold-wires* to its owne vastnesse draw,
And passe the *lines*, which *Iustice* had defin'd.
Nay man will venture to an *Indian Mine*,
Though in the passage he twice cuts the *Line*.

This was the noted *Blemish* of his *Time*,
And most disfigur'd it: though else a Man
Built to be Great by goodnesse: the same *Crime*
Story hath cast upon *Vespasian*.

A *Prince* fram'd all of *Clemency*, and one
Too high for *Censurē*, but for that alone.

Yet one *Historian* for the *Emperour* pleades;
Sayes, he was forc'd by the necessity
Of *Publicke* stocke; and the *Exchequers* needes,
But *Henry* found as leane a *Treasurie*.

Thus *Victor* with *Vespasian* did dispense,
One is the fault; then one be the defence.

I am not of their Party, who contend,
He us'd these *Arts* to Keepe his subjects low,
And by the weight of *Poverty* to bend
Their minds to Concord, and to Union bow.

What is too sordid, and too base will prove
To beare so trimme a *Raire* as *Peace*, and *Love*.

What

What though the *Scribe* of *Florence* doth maintaine,
To keepe men quiet, is to keepe them scant.

Clouds of *Examples*, and all *Henries Reigne*
Refell him; whose *Rebellions* sprung from want.

Want's a strange *Herald*: for some men had bore
No *Armes* at all, unlessse they had beene poore.

To men exhaust, and worne with *Pennury*,
New things are pleasing, and the *Old* ingrate,
And innovation is their *Remedy*.

Rebellions are the *Monsters* of a state,

And nature shewes, that they proceed no lesse
From the defect of matter, than th' *excesse*.

They who to *Fortunes* lowest forme are throwne,
To *ruine*, and *confusion* doe aspire;

As if anothers wound could *salve* their owne,
And when their owne *Estates* are set on fire,

Then *Caſilines* resolve is judg'd most fit,
With *fire* not *water* to extinguish it.

He rather did observe the *Exigema*

The want of *Treasure*, brought some *Princes* to,
And taught himselfe by those experiments
The danger to be unprovided so.

He's a *Good husband* who so *hales* his wit,
That others, not himselfe, doe pay for it.

The *Cafe* of neighbour Kings did him instruct
 The inconvenience, not to have at hand
 The three maine things, which doe a warre conduct
 As when one did *Triumpha* demand,

What things in warre a Prince most powerfull made,
 He answer'd three, and three times *Money* sayd.

And may not *Henries Buildings* speake him cleare,
 And not so poore, that he did riches prize,
 His *Royall Chappell* this record shall beare,
 That he to *Gold* did not *Idolatryze*.

For if he did, succession might object
 He spent his *God*, his *Chappell* to erect.

But grant it was his fault : who will deny
 That *Henry* was a man ? if you will say,
 That *Henry* had not his infirmity,
 Maintaine this Paradox : *He was not Clay*.

Man is *Gods* *Coyne*, yet he was never made
 Of any *Ore* so pure, but was all aide.

A constant cleerenesse is above the law
 Of *Mortall*, nor within that *Region* stands.
 As those *elaborate* *pieces*, which doe draw
 Breath from exact *Van-Dyke* unweaving hands
 Are deeply shadow'd, and a *dyke* *Sabb*
 Doth *Clow'd* the borders of the *Curious Table*.

Now

Henry the Seventh.

151

Now least that *Henry* should be too intent
With an affection totally inclin'd
On wealth; the times a danger did present,
To waine his thoughts, and *avocate* his minde.
Sent Heav'n no trouble man no *Watch* would Kēepe,
Without this *Thorne* the *Nightingall* would sleepe.

For at this time, *Suffolkes* wild *Earle* did take
His second fally forth: *Henry* forgave
His first, but that did small impression make;
Who in such *baughy* soules thinkes to engrave
A favour, writes it in the *Horne* of *Deere*,
Where it is cast, and mud in a yeare.

He fled before, for having rashly slaine
A *Private* man, was forc'd to pleade his *Cause*
In *Publicke*, which in him begat disdaine,
And purpose of *revenge* for the *disgrace*.
Indignity like *lightning* stealeth in,
'Twill runne a *soile* quite through, and misse the *skin*.

His debts contracted by his bravery,
Showne at Prince *Arthurs* wedding, made him place
His thoughts this second time on *Errantry*,
Want made him feared more than his *disgrace*.
As 'tis observ'd, that *Catiline* ne're meant
His *Countrie* ruine, till his *meanes* were spent.

L 4

Yet

Yet nor his Want, nor his Indignitie,
 So much mov'd Henry: 'twas another thing,
 That wak'd his feare, and row's'd his Jealousie,
 The House he came of, terrified the King.

This Comet shot from *Torke* his threatening Ray,
 Which was the *Region*, where his danger lay,

To sound his purposes, Henry did flye
 To his *Probatum est*, and tryed Art:
 He sent a *Spiall* in discovery;
Curson must winde, and serew into his Heart,
 And act the part of a *Decoy*, to get
 The fowle which flock'd with *Suffolke* to his net.

Curson had here too hard a Taske to save
 His faith, and yet winne *Suffolke* so beleeve;
 He had no way, but what *Lysander* gave,
Children with confects, men with Oathes deceive:
 Or else the *Spanish Axiom* to try,
 He that would finde a truth, must tell a lye.

Then if the *Earle* (as who can thinke he would)
 Would not his Councells with a stranger trust,
 Till he with vowes, and execrations should
 Renounce his former master: then I must
 Thinke *Curson* mask'd under Religious oathes,
 Was but a *Devell* in an *Angells* Cloathes.

And

Henry the seventh.

153

And since he was curs'd sollemnely at home,
As one of *Henries* foes, it may be sayd,
That then the *Mayd* the *Mistresse* did become,
And *Pollicy Religion* overstayd.

Tw'as like the *Error* which *Polemo* found,
When one sayd *heav'n*, but pointed to the ground.

Though *Curson* playd his *Part*, *Henry* did finde
A storme doe more : 'tis an ill winde doth blow
To no man Profit; that impetuons winde
Which did *Pauls* Golden *Eagle* overthrow.
It did this Courtesie for *Henry* doe,
Besides that *Eagle*, strike this *Haggard* too.

Th' *Imperiall Eagle* too, the *Emperours* sonne,
Philip of *Castile* being then at Sea,
In hopes to take the *Kings* of *Arragon*,
Was by this winde driv'n *hither* : thus while he
To take another unawares divis'd,
(See the mistake) was by a storme surpriz'd.

Henry upon the newes dispatch'd away
Arundell, with an *Honourable* traine,
To bring him unto *Windsor*, where he lay:
Henries request at *Callice* could not gaine,
To have him in a *Towne* : but now a storme
Effects, what *Henries* calme could not performe,

After

After *Caresses*, and some *Compliment*,
Henry from him his subject did demand,
 And that this *Earle* that *hate-braind male-content*,
 Might be no more protected in his Land,
 For since (sayd *Henry*) you are sav'd in Ours,
 It is not Justice I should wracke on Yours.

He promis'd he would banish him; but what
 Could that helpe *Henry*? for unlesse assur'd
 The *Earle* should plague him no where else, by that
Henry had but his paine remov'd not cur'd.

And like a *Running Gout* with him be vext,
 Which leaves one Part, but to invade the next.

So 'twas concluded that this *Errant Knight*,
 Should be returned home: but not to dye
 On *Henries* honour: as *Physicians* write
 Some Cures are taken from the Contrary,
 So it prov'd here, and *Henries* ease must come,
 Not from his banishment, but fetching home.

Now *Suffolk's* sent for: now he is arriv'd,
 Now come to *London*, and as soone as come,
Imprison'd, as before it was contriv'd;
 For *Henry* meant to Keepe the *Axiome*,
 Which he before to *Philip* had profess'd,
 The fittest place for *Hornets* is the nest.

No

Henry the Seventh.

155

No sooner did the *Tower* the *Earle* receive.
But (as his stay had for that purpose beene)
King *Philip* with all freedome tooke his leave
But not till *Suffolke* had lost his: that *Scene*
Concludes their *Pastime*, and the *Jollity*
Ends with the *Prologue* of his *Tragedy*.

Indeede his life was pardon'd, but it cost
Suffolke his life, under *seventh Henries* sonne;
So *David* slew not *Isak*, yet he lost
His life, by his successour *Solomon*:
Death Cancells *Deedes*: that doth their honours save,
And *Suffolkes* bond was layd in *Henries* Grave.

Now was the *Realme* healthy, and strong; no *Foe*
Abroad, within no qualities at all
Disposing to Corruption could undoe:
Nor neede the *Kingdomes* *Genius* feare to fall,
But by th' immediate hand which governes fate,
Like to an *Angell* in's confirmed state.

Thus white with honours he to nature paid
The Common debt of man, in whose last breath,
Lies the last payment: in our *Law* tis sayd,
The *King* dyes not, then speake not of his death
Whose life I would to the last *Ages* draw,
If twere a *Rule* in verse, as well as *Law*.

Now,

Now if those *Sages* have opined right
That all this *All* by *Discord* should be broke,
A *Concord* once did make it : *Henry* might
Cement the *Ruines*, who hath beene so spoke
For *Union*, that a *thing* call'd *Henries* fame,
Would like some *Spirit* reunite the frame.

FINIS.







